

COLLIER'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

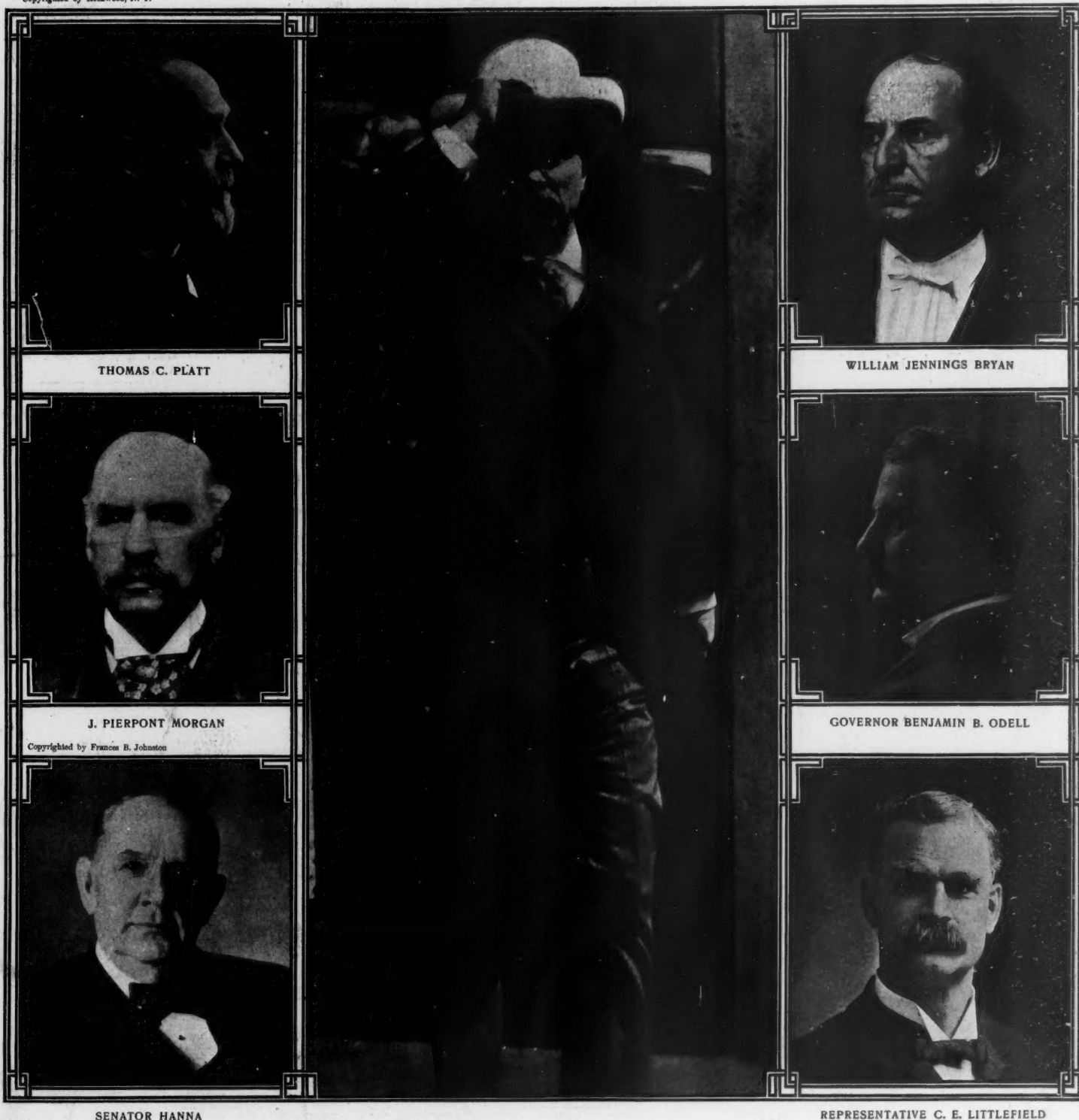
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NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 20 1902

PRICE TEN CENTS

"THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD CONTROL BUT NOT DESTROY"—*President Roosevelt*

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THOMAS C. PLATT

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

J. PIERPONT MORGAN

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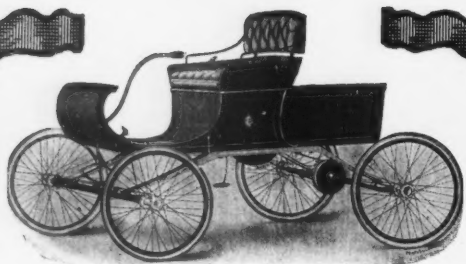
GOVERNOR BENJAMIN B. ODELL

SENATOR HANNA

REPRESENTATIVE C. E. LITTLEFIELD

THE NATIONAL PLATFORM—"CONTROL TRUSTS"

President Roosevelt, as he appeared in his travelling costume, about to start South on his latest political crusade, and six Captains of Politics, who will lead the opposing forces in the Electoral Battle of the Trusts—the question which appears destined to be made the Chief Plank of both the Republican and Democratic Platforms in the impending Presidential Contest



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This very idea is the foundation upon which this institution has been built and the President has voiced the sentiments of every man who has risen above the masses. They found out that life is too valuable to waste with the false idea that they can be advanced without any special, acquired qualifications. This has been proven by the progress of the very men you know. You will find that the reason these men have passed you is because they have possessed a certain acquired qualification that you have not taken into account.

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Send for our large prospectus—it tells it all—it's free.

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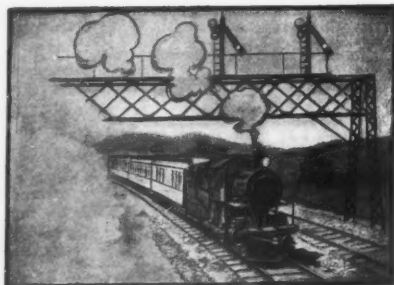
1—These are the views disclosed to sight
Of Water Gap and mountain height
That lie on the Road of Anthracite



3—This is the Maiden all in lawn
Who boarded the train one early morn
That runs on the Road of Anthracite
And when she left the train that night
She found to her surprised delight
Hard coal had kept her dress still white



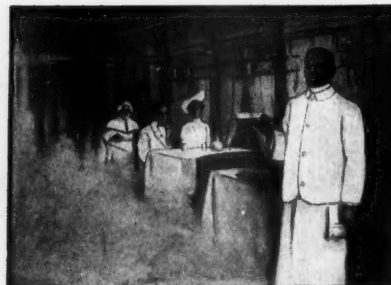
5—This is the Priest in gown and band
Who married the couple out of hand
Who said they fell in love at sight
Because each looked so fresh and bright
On the dustless Road of Anthracite



2—These are the signals prompt and true
That make the journey safe for you
Over the bed of ballast rock
That keeps the trains from jar and shock
That smoothly runs both day and night
On the dustless Road of Anthracite



4—This is the swain all shaven and shorn
Who wooed the maiden all in lawn
Because her gown untravelworn
Delighted his fastidious sight
All on the Road of Anthracite



6—This is the waiter suave, polite
Who laid the table clean and white
That held the wedding feast that night
For priest, and swain, and maid in lawn
Who boarded the train one early morn
A trip made safe for them and you
By signals prompt and ballast true
On the dustless Road of Anthracite



A little booklet containing a reproduction of these cards has just been issued by the Lackawanna Railroad. It is called "A ROMANCE OF THE RAIL." It will be mailed free on receipt of 2 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, 26 Exchange Place, New York City.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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THE PRESIDENT SPEEDING ON HIS CRUSADER travels has talked to delighted audiences in various sections. He hammered away at the trusts in spite of the warnings of the friends of the trusts that he was going too far and the criticism from Mr. Bryan that he was not going far enough. At Chattanooga he accepted election as "grand honorary member" of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and thereupon addressed his "brothers" on their rights and duties. "I want to see the average American a game man, an honest man, and a man who can handle himself and does handle himself well under difficulties." He said the railway men met those specifications. They were good soldiers; he had tried them. Most of the analogies of his speech were drawn from war, but the President took care to soften the tone of the address a little by declaring "the period of war is but a fractional part of the life of our Republic, and I earnestly hope and believe that it will be an even smaller part in the future than it has been in the past."

ON THE QUESTION OF THE TRUSTS THE PRESIDENT has been even more explicit than before and his speeches have been received with the greatest favor by his audiences. He has thought it necessary to reply to his critics by pointing out that these opinions are not newly formed but are the same he held long before he was elected President. But otherwise he has not bent to the attacks of the friends of the trusts among the newspapers. There is no practical political reason why he should, for the satisfaction of the bulk of the Republican party with his programme is too plain to be denied by the small number of censorious newspapers. His friends feel that he has made a new issue for the party, or rather captured an old one from the Democrats. That he has alienated to a large extent the regular contributors to the campaign fund is equally clear. Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Hill and the other great financiers who poured money into the McKinley fund in 1896 and 1900 are preparing to oppose his re-election, and it is a common saying in Wall Street that "the financial world" would as soon see a Democrat elected next time as a Republican—that is, if the Democrat isn't Bryan. Senator Platt, who is always in close touch with these forces, has let it be understood generally that a refusal to endorse the President publicly is one of the possibilities of the New York State Republican Convention. Governor Odell is said to favor a full endorsement. He knows it would help him in his fight for re-election. But, in any event, the President continues to show as much tenacity in this matter as in anything he has taken up, and appears to be undismayed by attacks, whether they are aimed at him directly or through Congressman Littlefield and whether they come from Mr. Morgan or Mr. Bryan. As for Mr. Hanna, he lies low, but whatever he has to say is in harmony with the President's utterances. But, as we have remarked, Mr. Hanna has long since ceased to be regarded as a friend at court by the people in Wall Street.

THE HON. TOM JOHNSON IS, NEXT THE PRESIDENT, about the most picturesque figure now in American politics. Rich man and radical, successful corporation manager and political leader of the anti-corporation forces, he has gained control of the Democratic party in Ohio and is its candidate for Governor, with the intention of becoming a candidate for President in 1904. His canvass is characteristically vigorous and informal. He travels around in that vehicle of despotic millionaires, the automobile, and holds his meetings under a tent that is carried from town to town. Every night he tells thousands of his fellow-citizens why he should be elected Governor. He invites questions from every one, even Mark Hanna. He says he is still a single-taxer, but he doesn't press that issue. He is in sympathy with a good many ideals of the socialists, but he says the trouble with the socialists is they don't offer any really definite solution for our problems. He is not now for free silver, but he favors root and branch tariff reform, stricter supervision of corporations, cheap fares and government control of "natural monopolies." He is against the trusts always. A busy, intelligent, smooth and amusing person, and worth watching.

THE DESTRUCTION OF A GUNBOAT OF THE Haytian revolutionists by a German cruiser was a characteristically German performance. The burlesque Haytian admiral having proclaimed a burlesque blockade, undertook to demonstrate its effectiveness by seizing guns

and ammunition on their way to the Haytian Government in a German ship. Almost any other power would have satisfied its pride with a demand for indemnity, or at most "a demonstration," but the Germans took a more burly course. A cruiser was despatched to Gonaives, where the offending gunboat, the *Crête-à-Pierrot*, lay. The German commander called on the Haytian admiral to surrender. He chose to leave the ship with his crew after setting it on fire. The cruiser seized the occasion to enjoy a small exercise in practical marksmanship and sunk the *Crête-à-Pierrot* in a few minutes. Persons unfamiliar with the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine, and numerous foreign critics who would be delighted to see a collision between two great powers over that much-discussed principle, pricked up their ears and listened for angry words from Washington. Of course, they were disappointed. The *Panther's* action was in no sense a breach of the Monroe Doctrine. Our own naval officer on the scene, Commander McCrea, had taken pains to notify "Admiral" Killick that the blockade was ineffective, that the belligerent rights of the revolutionists had not been conceded by the powers, and that if he interfered with commerce he would be liable to chastisement as a pirate. Pirate he was when he seized the cargo of a German ship, and so he was treated by the *Panther*. It would be a strange perversion of a useful principle if the Monroe Doctrine should be made to cover the piratical acts of all the lawless filibusters on this continent. The sinking of the *Crête-à-Pierrot* ought to be a salutary warning to others of our neighbors who are disposed to be playful with international rights whenever they go to war among themselves. The Monroe Doctrine offers no shelter for them.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT HAS VERY WISELY decided on the evacuation of the northern section of Martinique, and has ordered the people to leave at once. The neighborhood of Mt. Pelée is completely devastated, and the furious old mountain continues to spout flames and boiling mud. A good many people, including a few scientific men, believe the island will be completely destroyed. But with the dire threat hanging over their heads, the negroes are moved from the vicinity of the mountain with the greatest difficulty. A man who returned from Martinique not long ago told the writer that as soon as the eruption of Mt. Pelée somewhat subsided the natives returned light-heartedly to the foot of the mountain. The fear of a cataclysm doesn't seem to have much effect in deterring people from inhabiting the danger spots of the world. One might think the love of life was so keen that every one would look for a relatively safe abiding-place, and that the world is big enough to provide such easy corners for all. But people build their houses on the stormy bosom of Vesuvius, linger among the blackened ruins at the base of Pelée, hurry back to a regularly flooded valley when the waters have run out, and rent apartments near the Subway in New York. There are more people to the square mile in the countries where earthquakes are likely to knock a man's house down on his head than in the most stable regions of the north. At the same time, it is probable that a large part of Martinique will cease for the time to be occupied by human beings, not because of the danger from the volcano, but because the fields will no longer yield crops.

SO FAR AS IT HAS ANY SIGNIFICANCE THE result of the Maine elections was highly encouraging to the Republicans. The plurality of the Republican candidate was about the same as it was in 1900 and quite up to the expectations of the campaign managers. All four Republican Congressmen were re-elected by substantial majorities. The Democrats made a few gains in the election of county officers, but this was due to dissatisfaction over the enforcement of the liquor law. In Cumberland County, where Portland is situated, a Prohibition sheriff was elected two years ago; this year the Democratic candidate won by a small plurality. In Maine, the liquor question proved to be a burden to the Republicans. It was a burden, also, in Vermont, but in a different sense, for there the Republican candidate for Governor failed of election because of a bolt by the radical temperance people.

WHEN THIS ISSUE OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY" went to press it was impossible to tell what the verdict in the "war game" had been. We can hardly believe that our readers are waiting with bated breath for the fatal news. If the truth must be known, the "war game" has been received with something like hilarity on the part of a

frivolous public. The reception in Newport Harbor, when a number of the unwelcome inhabitants of the neighboring resort were received by the bold Higginson and fed with toast and tea just before he set out on his mission of slaughter, gave the note of gaiety to the subsequent operations. The "victory" is claimed alike by army and navy. On the faith of the officers of the fleet there is not a fort standing at the eastern end of Long Island Sound. Block Island and Plum Island are in the hands of the enemy. The vandals have pitched their tents at Narragansett Pier and are ravaging Newport, an agreeable duty. New London is captured and New York is at the mercy of the foe. On the other hand, the army is quite confident that the enemy's ships have been sunk, captured or driven off. Of all that proud armada there remain but one or two crippled men-of-war, limping theoretically out to sea. "Where are the galleons of Higginson?" We shall not know the exact truth until the computations are made in Washington. It is a melancholy anti-climax that, after the burning of tons of powder and the risking of many valuable lives at afternoon tea, and other terrors, the victory should be decided by a near-sighted mathematician in Washington. Whatever the result may be, no sensible person believes a hostile fleet could force its way through Long Island Sound any more than it could go up Broadway.

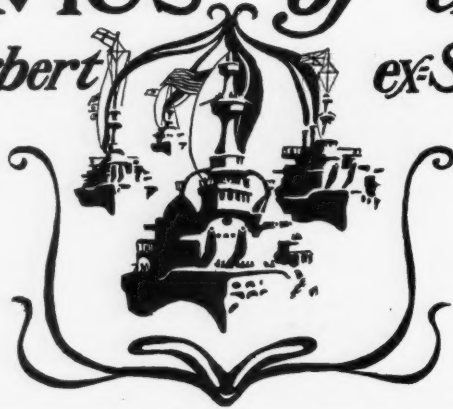
THE EUROPEAN PRESS EXPECTED A DEMONSTRATION of Polish national feeling when the Kaiser went to Posen recently. The expectation was heightened by the ugly tone of the Emperor's allusions to Poland in a recent speech. But the visit was unattended by unpleasant incidents. The patriots remained in the background. The Emperor was in one of his most amiable moods and said a good many things to conciliate public sentiment. There is still much discontent in the Polish provinces, but it is not growing to an alarming degree. The regulations directed against the Polish language, which include a law compelling the teaching of prayers in German, are irritating to this generation, but years will make them bearable. In spite of everything, the German Government is bent on carrying out the programme, inaugurated by Bismarck, of driving the last vestige of Polish nationality out of Germany. "Traditions and recollections may live in peace, but they belong to history, to the past," said the Emperor at Posen. "This day I recognize only Prussians, and I owe it to the labors of my forefathers to see that this province shall remain irrevocably bound to the Prussian monarchy, and that it shall be forever good Prussian and good German soil."

IT WAS A POPULAR SAYING IN GERMANY about the late Professor Virchow that "when he died it would be found that he was not one man but four men." In a day and a nation of specialists, he was skilled in many pursuits. His chief claim to lasting fame is, of course, his work in physiology and pathology. But he was, besides, an authority on ethnology, an anthropologist, an archaeologist and an Egyptologist. He was a master of most of the modern languages. In what, by a stretch of the meaning of words, might be called his leisure moments, he was a busy politician who served in the City Council of Berlin, the Prussian Chamber and the Reichstag. The rulers of Germany often found the old scientist a sharp thorn in political controversies. He died full of years and honors, but active and combative to the end. It is nearly forty years since his book on "Cellular Pathology" showed the way for modern physiologists.

THE REMARKABLE TIME OF A KNOT IN ONE minute thirty-two seconds, which is at the rate of 39.14 knots an hour, was made recently by a yacht in the Hudson River. This is said to be a record, although records of fast steaming are not very accurately kept. The boat is a small one, too small for comfort or even safety in rough weather, and so lightly built that an observer wonders how she can escape "buckling" from the enormous force of her engines. Of course, for practical purposes no such speed as was shown in this trial is attainable, but the engineers of the shipbuilding concerns continue to increase the speed of the big boats at a rate that makes thirty knots an hour for great distances conceivable as an achievement of the near future. At present most of the German ships do as good as twenty-six in crossing from Southampton to Cherbourg, and they make this speed without producing excessive vibration or causing great discomfort to the passengers.

The Navies of the World

by Hilary A. Herbert *ex-Secretary of the Navy*



SOME FACTS AND FIGURES WHICH WILL PROVE OF KEEN INTEREST IN THESE DAYS OF NAVAL DISPLAYS, WEST INDIAN ENTANGLEMENTS, AND GAMES OF "PLAYING WAR," WITH WHICH THE NATIONS ARE ENTERTAINING EACH OTHER

THE EDITOR of COLLIER'S WEEKLY has asked me for an article on recent naval budgets. Naval progress, at home and abroad, is now matter of momentous concern to patriotic Americans, not only because of national selection, but for other obvious reasons.

During the two decades from 1870 to 1890 there was never a proposition for new ships that was not met in our Congress by the argument that America needed no navy. The Civil War, it was said, had demonstrated our power. "A raft strong enough to float a flagstaff, with the Stars and Stripes flying from it, would answer every purpose. No nation would ever dare to assail that flag. We had only to go our way in peace, minding our own business." But never will Congressmen listen longer with patience to him who prates of perpetual peace.

The opponents of our new navy in the seventies and eighties had simply mis-read the lessons of history. They did not understand what was behind them and of course could not tell what was coming. True it is that we were even ten years ago foremost among nations, and that what was our boast of that day all the world now acknowledges. The marked deference shown us throughout the late complications in China, including the now pending final settlement of international accounts with that huge yet unhappy nation, that could "fly a flag" and had the men, but not the military power, to defend it; the recent unprecedented contentions in the Chancelleries of Europe as to which of the nations was our true friend during the Spanish war; the late happy visit of Prince Henry; the dinner of the King of England to Mr. Choate—these are but a few of the many gratifying indications that all the great powers of the world now wish to keep "on the good side of the United States."

THE WAR OF THE PEOPLES

So be it; but all this is not enough to justify us in cutting down our naval budgets. Reading only our own past, neither weakness, as our quasi-war with France and the War of 1812 with Great Britain demonstrated, nor strength, as our more recent experience shows, can guarantee to a nation immunity from war. The world moves, no doubt. There will never be another Tamerlane or Alexander, and the day, it may be, has forever passed when kings shall go to war to show their might; but peoples, it has been found in latter days, are often as pugnacious as were monarchs in the olden time, and wars may be expected to come now and then, even as the Spanish-American war came, from forces over which rulers of nations have no control. Mr. McKinley was opposed to intervention in Cuba, but he yielded to a sentiment that he deemed overwhelming. Popular feeling in Spain was equally irresistible. Nothing could indicate this more clearly than the pathetic story of the brave Admiral Cervera, set forth in the pamphlet published in his own defence when, after the war was over, he was arraigned before a court-martial. In a letter to his government, of March 7, 1898, when compromise was still possible, after showing clearly that war with America must mean defeat, the gallant Admiral asks whether "the island (Cuba) is worth the ruin of Spain." The Spanish authorities knew that defeat was coming, they were quite as much averse to war as was President McKinley, but the pride of the Spaniard and the necessities of the reigning dynasty demanded that Cuba should not be surrendered without a struggle to keep it, however hopeless the fight might be.

To draw another lesson from that war. Spain was obliged to defend Cuba, a distant possession, with her navy, and she lost the fight and the island in dispute, and other islands besides, because her navy was overmatched. So the United States, strong in reserve power though they are, in some future complication, arising out of a commerce that already encircles the globe, may be compelled—either by ebullitions of popular frenzy at home or abroad, not to be foreseen or prevented by the wisest or best-intentioned of rulers, or possibly by the necessities of some tottering dynasty—to fight for the possession of Porto Rico, Hawaii, Alaska, or the Philippines. With distant possessions and an extending commerce, we must have an increasing navy; and this even though modern navies are costly.

A COMPARISON OF NAVIES

The British have now in process of construction 11 first-class battleships, 11 armored cruisers, 10 unarmored cruisers, 53 destroyers, 6 torpedo and 4 submarine boats. The vote for the navy, 1902-03, is \$156,275,000, an increase of \$897,500 over 1901; \$45,290,000 is to be expended toward the construction of 2 battleships, 2 armored cruisers, 2 third-class cruisers, 4 scouts, 9 destroyers, 14 torpedo boats, 4 submarine boats, and the modernizing of 25 vessels, viz., 8 battleships of the *Royal Sovereign* class, the *Barfleur* and *Centurion*, the cruisers *Powerful* and *Terrible*, and 13 cruisers of the *Argonaut* and *Talbot* classes. During 1902 the construction of 60 new vessels will be completed, and 27 new ships will be commenced.

The total of the French estimates is 312,097,931 francs, making \$60,234,904.54, an increase for the navy proper of 11,597,300 francs over the current year. France is now building 3 first-class battleships, 13 armored cruisers, 20 destroyers, 32 torpedo boats and 22 submarine boats; this great number of torpedo and submarine boats indicating that much of the French expenditure is for defensive purposes.

The French Government has just authorized 4 battleships, 2 armored cruisers, 2 destroyers, 12 submarine boats and 16 torpedo boats.

The Russian naval budget for the coming year is 98,318,984 rubles, an increase of about 38,000,000 rubles (ruble, 51¢ cents). Russia is now building 6 first-class battleships, 8 protected cruisers, 30 destroyers and 30 torpedo boats; and she includes in her present estimates 5 first-class armored cruisers and 5 torpedo boats.

We are now building 8 first-class battleships, 4 coast-defence monitors, 6 armored cruisers, 3 protected cruisers of the first class, 6 of the second class, 16 destroyers, 9 torpedo and 7 submarine boats.

Our Congress that has just adjourned authorized two

16,000-ton battleships, costing each \$4,212,000; two 14,500-ton armored cruisers, costing each \$4,659,000; and two 1,000-ton gunboats, costing each \$382,000. These prices are upward limits of cost and do not include armor and armament.

Our total naval budget amounts for the year to about \$79,000,000. A very considerable portion of this is for public works appertaining to the navy, such as buildings, docks, coaling stations, navy yards, etc., rendered necessary by the increase of the navy and the more extended radius of its future activities.

The total of the German budget is 209,082,089 marks (mark, 23.8 cents), of which 84,477,000 marks are for guns, torpedoes and shipbuilding, including the replacing of old ships.

CONTINENTAL AND ORIENTAL SEA-FIGHTERS

Germany is now building 7 battleships, 2 armored cruisers, 4 protected cruisers and 7 destroyers. She proposes, of new construction, 2 battleships, 1 armored cruiser, 2 third-class cruisers, 3 gunboats, 6 destroyers, and to rebuild 4 battleships of the old type. Of all nations Germany is the most methodical in her building programme. She recognizes the value of homogeneity in ships that are to sail and fight together, as well as the economy and efficiency of a continuous programme of construction. Following steadily a programme heretofore adopted, she will have, in 1908, 38 battleships, 14 large and 45 small cruisers, with 96 torpedo boats. Additional construction is now proposed, which will give her, in 1910, 48 battleships, 19 large and 60 smaller cruisers, with at least 96 torpedo boats.

If Germany has been fortunate in being able to adopt and adhere consistently to a building programme, France has in this regard been conspicuously unfortunate. Her frequent Cabinet changes, devolving the Ministry of the Marine upon many different persons, have resulted in many and frequent changes of policy. One Minister, some years ago, put a full stop to the construction of a number of ships then under way; these vessels were used in all navies, but they did not meet the views of that new official. France, however, did adopt the programme, in 1900, of building 6 very powerful and fast battleships, all to be alike; 2 of these have been laid down, *La Patrie* and *La République*. They are to be of 14,865 tons displacement, with a speed of 18 knots, and the description which is before me indicates that in offensive and defensive power, as well as in coal endurance, they will be magnificent vessels.

The "Popolo Romano" says that the outlay for the year 1903 for the Italian navy proper will be 111,396,379 lire, equivalent \$21,497,501.15, of which \$5,629,732.80 will be devoted to the construction and completion of the *Benedetto Brin*, *Regina Margherita*, *Vittorio Emanuele III.* and *Regina Elena*, and to putting in hand 3 other first-class battleships. One million lire has, besides, been devoted to the reconstruction of the *Italia*.

Japan is building 2 second-class protected cruisers and 22 torpedo boats. Neither her programme nor budget is accessible, but she proposes this year a material increase of her navy. She feels that she ought to be able to successfully meet any fleet that Russia can spare for the waters of the Pacific. This plucky little nation no doubt counts gladly upon her alliance with England to help keep the peace, but her statesmen, who are men of great ability, well understand that the great Siberian Bear is a dangerous neighbor.

Austria is building 3 battleships, including one to be laid down this year, and 2 cruisers. Her naval budget is, altogether, \$9,478,236, an increase of \$649,000 over the appropriations for the current year.

THE UNITED STATES LEADS GERMANY

We have now given the budgets of the principal powers, taking them in order as their navies rank. We place them as follows: Great Britain, France, Russia, United States, Germany, Italy, Japan and Austria. Germany is certainly close to the United States, and possibly would contend with us for precedence with as much vigor as questions of rank are sometimes insisted upon when officials are about to be seated around a Washington dinner-table. Nevertheless, it is confidently asserted that in naval strength we are now distinctly in advance of Germany; and that lead we should keep. We have more population, more wealth, greatly more foreign commerce, vastly greater distant possessions, and many times over and over again more sea-coast, and if there be anything whatever in the remark attributed to Emperor William, that the future of Germany is on the sea, how much more true is this of the United States and its future? We are capturing—or, if that word be objectionable as savoring too much of military operations, we are acquiring—the markets of the world. Discussing this movement, such

eminent thinkers as Brookes Adams and Charles F. Conant have recently predicted that other industrial peoples would soon be compelled by necessity to combine against us, and that we should eventually be forced to fight all Europe or give up our claims to commercial supremacy. Certain movements within the last year, as among the officials of Austria and elsewhere in Europe, have tended to give color to these prophecies, but it is not apparent to the writer how any efficient industrial co-operation, much less military combination, can ever be effected against us by nations having so many antagonisms as have the present great powers of Europe. Nevertheless, felicitate ourselves as we may upon our geographical position and other incomparable advantages, we cannot afford to lose sight of the fact that to industrial peoples commerce becomes year by year more and more a vital concern, and that as the stress of competition increases, so must our navy increase, and the naval budgets of other nations are of interest to us precisely as our navy and its growth are correlated with other navies and their growth.

We have seen how much money we are expending on our navy—what do we get for it, when compared with the result achieved in other countries? It would be interesting to answer this question at length, but space forbids. Briefly, our naval officers receive at Annapolis a preliminary education in everything bearing upon their profession that can be taught on shore, which is undeniably more thorough than is given to the officers of any other navy, and this theoretical training on shore is combined with much that is practical. There are critics, of course, some of them contending that the English method, which gives a boy more training at sea, is wiser; but the system that gave us the officers who fought our ships in the Civil and Spanish-American wars is not likely to be seriously modified. We have also at the War College at Newport an advanced course for older officers, where war is studied as a science. Great Britain has recently adopted a similar scheme. Germany patterned after it years ago.

Our sailors are better fed and clothed, and better paid, than those of any other country, and yet to procure and keep a well-trained body of sailors is far and away the most difficult task our Navy Department has encountered. The opportunities offered outside of the navy, especially in our merchant marine, too often take away from the navy the brightest of the boys who come out of our training schools. Nevertheless, we may safely pit our "man behind the gun" against the man in any other navy.

SOME ERRATIC AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS

In the construction of ships, machinery and guns we are under no disadvantages. The skill and ingenuity of our designers, the excellence of our workmen and the abundance of material leave nothing to be desired. It was twenty years ago when the first vessels of our new navy were laid down under Secretary Chandler. Three cruisers—the *Chicago*, *Boston* and *Atlanta*—and a gunboat, the *Dolphin*, were modest but efficient vessels. It was not until 1886 that we ventured upon the construction of larger vessels. The *Texas* was one of the first. She was built in the Norfolk Navy Yard, and her completion was long delayed, partly because she was waiting for her armor, partly because of alteration of plans. She was subject, before she was commissioned, to numerous mishaps, and became the butt of many witticisms in the press. The last of her misfortunes was sinking bodily in front of the wharf at the New York Navy Yard, when a pipe had been left open that filled her with water. The press had it that she was only fit to be "cut up for sinkers." But it is the business of the navy to stand fast, and the *Texas* not only stood the fire of the press, she has since proved herself a staunch goer in a gale and has been under the fire of the enemy at Santiago. The *Oregon*, designed only for a coast-line battleship, by her wonderful voyage around the Horn and her subsequent behavior at Santiago astonished the world.

Our battleships just authorized are practically the largest vessels of their type projected. The English battleships of the *King Edward VII.* class are designed to have a slightly greater trial displacement, but will have a slightly less full-load displacement. These new ships of ours are to be 450 feet long, 76 2/3 feet beam, with a draught of 24 1/2 feet, this relatively small draught being necessary on account of the characteristics of many of our harbors. They will be heavily armored, and are to have exceptional gun power. Their designed trial speed has been fixed at 18 knots, a reduction of one knot as compared with our *Virginia* class and half a knot less than the speed provided for under the latest English designs, though the same as that given the latest French, Russian and Japanese battleships. They are to have a coal-stowage capacity of 2,200 tons, which is 200 tons more than that provided for in the *King Edward* class and about 400 tons more than that provided for in the latest French battleship.

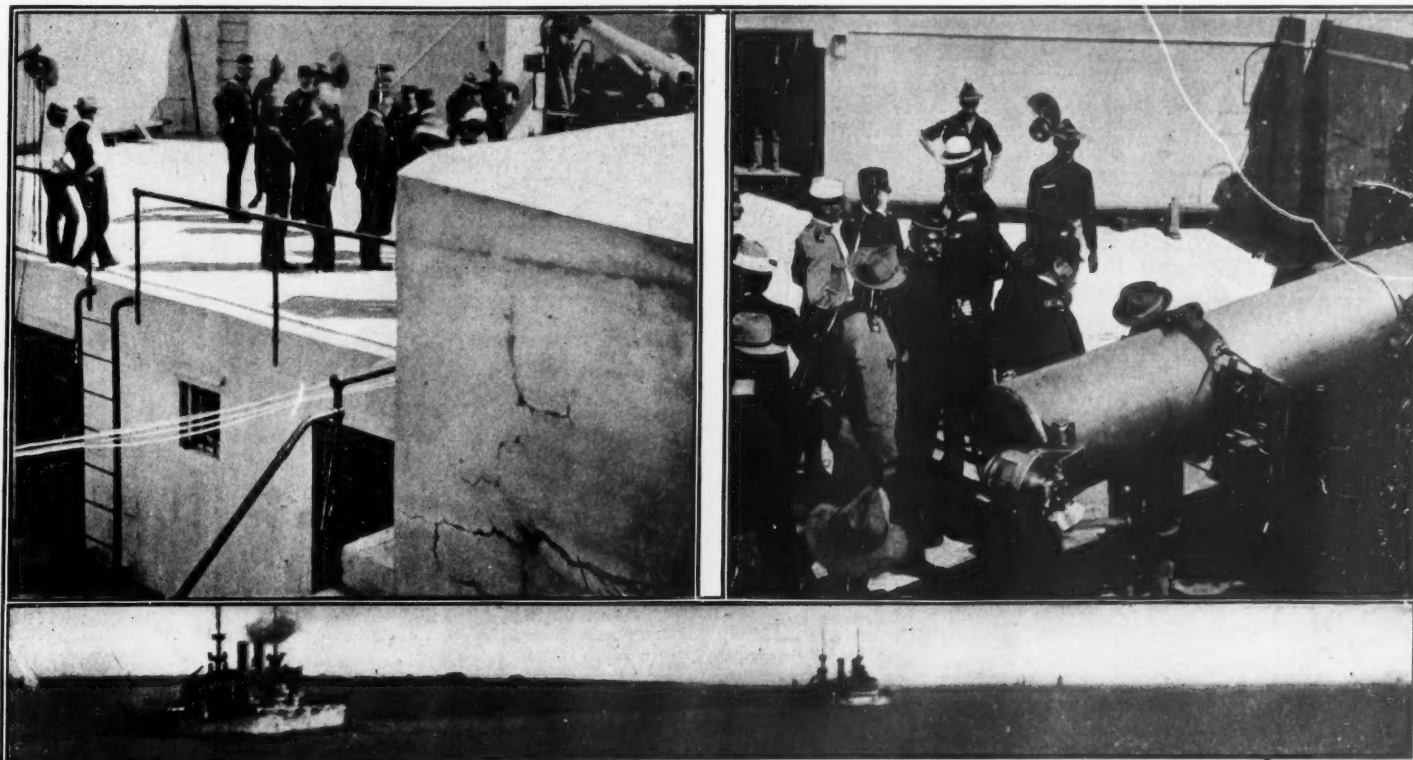
All the features of our new armored cruisers have not yet been definitely fixed upon, but the distinctive characteristics are to be coal endurance and powerful batteries. Their proposed trial speed will be not less than 22 knots, or not more than one knot less than the latest English armored cruisers and about the same as that of the latest French vessels.

Both the battleship and the armored cruiser designs have, as a foreign critic has remarked, been thought out with a single eye to the practical, and they are believed to possess such points of real superiority over contemporaneous foreign design as to justify the belief expressed by the same critic, that "America is now definitely settling to building American warships to meet American needs," these needs being understood to be ability to go anywhere and to fight successfully anything of their class that can be brought against them.

Taken altogether, it is believed that the ships of no other nation are superior to ours; but vessels vary so greatly in size, coal endurance, offensive and defensive power, as well as in minor details—differences resulting mainly from the purposes for which they are intended—that no possible classification would afford a just basis for the comparison of the fleets of different powers.

General MacArthur, Colonel Barry, his Chief of Staff, and General Greely consulting in a Fort guarding the Defence District

General Crozier, General MacArthur, Colonel Barry and Captain Russel of the Signal Corps inspecting one of the big Guns



PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY J. C. O'LAUGHLIN

The Battleships of the Fleet steaming into the Waters of Long Island Sound to attack the Forts defending New London and the Sea Route to New York

OUR ARMY AND NAVY PLAYING AT WAR

ACCORDING to the army, in the late manoeuvres the navy was sunk four and a half times. According to the navy, it had not been sunk at all and was very tired. The error that has been made from the first about the attack on our coast from Newport to Plum Island is that it was a game with a demonstrable winning side. Some officers in their haste to claim victories seem to have overlooked this. To draw any conclusions about the efficiency of either service because it loses is as ridiculous as to say that West Point is the poorer school of the two when Annapolis wins at football.

We have merely given the forts something as near actual practice as peace conditions can approximate. A system of winning and losing points, in which each gun on ship and shore counted so many points for each minute fired, inspired every one concerned to do his best. Our artillery was immensely increased under the recent army bill and nearly all of its younger officers are from civil life, without the invaluable training of West Point to prepare them for handling the complicated machinery of the coast-defence guns.

It is pleasant to know that the foreign attachés in civilian clothes who looked on from the neighborhood of the forts will inform their governments of the impregnability of New York Harbor and all of the harbors, including those of the Pacific coast, when our scheme of defence is completed. We want them to know this, as it will save all parties concerned trouble. Possibly in our next war people will not remain away from their seashore cottages, as they did in our last, in fear that a foreign squadron, which has its coal capacity to consider and the American navy to look after, is bent on the destruction of ten rooms and a bath.

The proper object of all gun-placing and all artillery practice is to teach Europe that the only place she can fight is on the high seas; or, if the United States Government is really worried about its coast defences, it makes a most enlightening confession of its weakness which ought to be sufficient

argument for the next Congress to lay down a dozen new battleships. For it cannot be repeated too plainly or too often that our true defence, our sure and only protection of our vast interests, is an offensive navy which will seek the enemy's ships in their ports instead of allowing them to come to ours.

To one who saw the manoeuvres with the fleet, the most pregnant thing of all was the fact that our whole fighting naval force on the North Atlantic coast consisted of only four battleships, one first-class cruiser and a second-class cruiser, a monitor, and some converted yachts. This seems big compared to our navy of ten years ago, but insignificant compared with our increased interests and the more than proportionate growth of the German force afloat. It is to be hoped that the Congressional committee aboard the *Newport*, which followed the operations, grasped this most essential truth. Their presence was consoling. We improve, even in our Congressmen. Once we had a Secretary from an inland State, who, when he went aboard a man-of-war for the first time, exclaimed in wonder that "the d—d thing was hollow!" Real warfare is full of humorous situations, but sham war is one long joke for the spectator, if not for the overworked and sleepless participants. As a Congressman's war, this was the war par excellence.

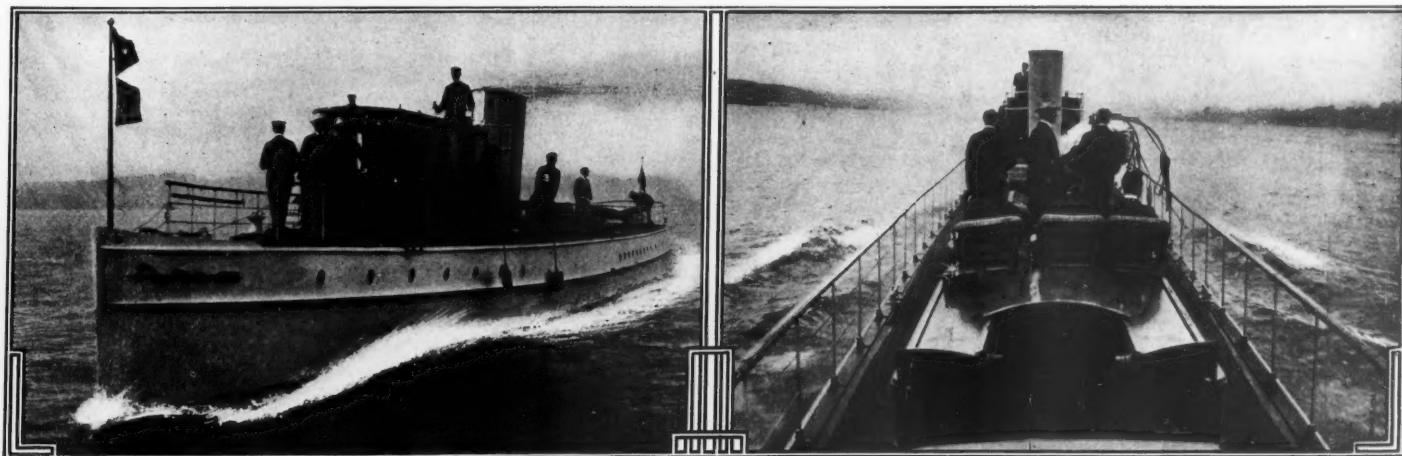
To begin with, we had no sooner become a bloodthirsty foreign fleet, which had occupied Block Island as a base of operation, than the newspaper tug appeared, running in and out among the vessels, but not near enough to hear any comment from the commander-in-chief on its impertinence or to allow any correspondents to throw messages aboard. If Admiral Higginson had had a Von in front of his name, the newspaper tug would have gone down with 6 pounders churning the water over her grave. In the next place, we had to consider that not even a torpedo boat or a monitor or an armed tug of the whole American navy was left. It had been destroyed without giving the hostile fleet a scar. The idea of crossing the ocean to attack forts with converted

yachts like the *Mayflower* and the *Gloucester* was only less ridiculous than a squadron with its decks cleared for action and its sides gleaming in the white robes of peace instead of the invisible leaden color of war.

Admiral Higginson was expected to give the forts and the Congressmen their money's worth in blank cartridges, and he did. It is scarcely comprehensible that a foreign fleet, unless commanded by an admiral, would attempt to reduce all the defences in sight. In two days, according to statistics, all the hostile battleships were sunk, and yet they kept on attacking. Every gun had a chance to fire at them, which was precisely the whole object of the manoeuvres. If ships were so foolhardy as to try to fight coast defences, they assuredly would attack only the forts lying between them and the city which they wished to capture.

Whether or not a fleet can run past forts on a foggy night is another question from silencing them. Not many years ago the Governor of Vladivostok awakened one morning to find that the whole British China squadron had passed through the channel in the dense fog and darkness, and the first knowledge of their presence was the visual one of them at anchor in the harbor. Despite our searchlights, could a fleet, under proper conditions, pass between the guns of Fisher's and Gardiner's islands, the vital defences of New York on Long Island Sound, without being seen in time to put it out of action? This was really the only tactical question to be settled. Considering that object, the whole attack might have been confined to this and the fleet given more time than a week, if necessary, to wait for favorable weather. The Admiral did make the passage. The gunners say that he was sunk both by mines and by guns. Certain it was, he had to make the attempt on a clear night, which no foreign fleet would ever attempt to do. Whatever the decision of the Board of Arbitration in the matter, it must be based on false conditions. The mere running past on a foggy night without fireworks would have made no spectacle at all.

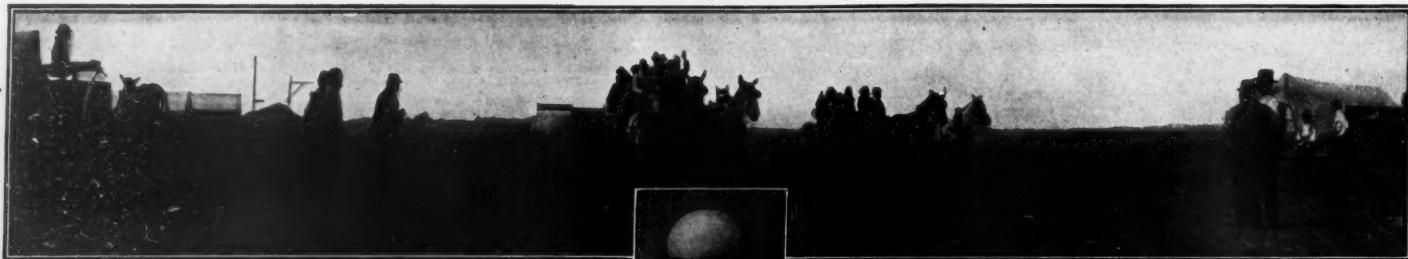
FREDERICK PALMER.



THE SPEEDIEST STEAM CRAFT IN THE WORLD.—On the Hudson, between Ardsley and Irvington, on Saturday, September 6, the twin-screw yacht "Arrow," owned by Charles R. Flint, covered a nautical mile (6,080 feet) in 92 seconds! This speed is equivalent to 39 1-4 nautical miles an hour, or just over 44 statute miles. The boat was stripped for the race, and the course was laid out by white posts set on tripods on the New York Central tracks. No coal was carried save enough to run the boat for the trip. The tide was flood, just turning, and there was a puffy westerly wind. The "Arrow" is 130 feet long with 12 1-2 feet beam. Her engines are quadruple expansion and the indicated horsepower is approximately 4,000

A BRAND NEW CITY BUILT IN OKLAHOMA

James Thomas, Founder of Thomas City

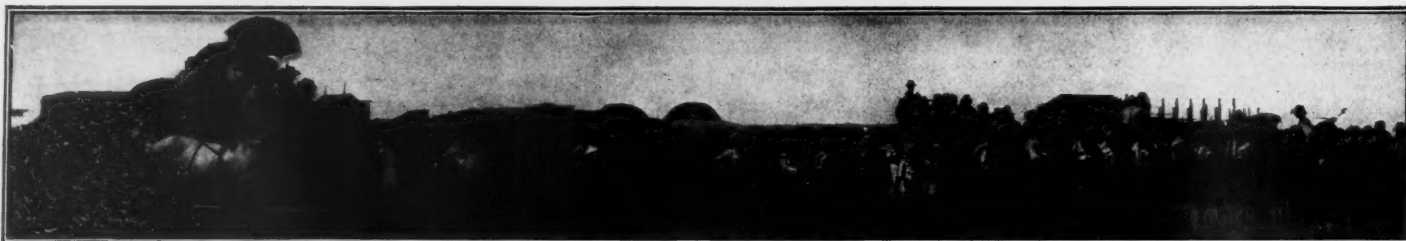


Opening Day—First arrivals

at Thomas, O. T., August 22



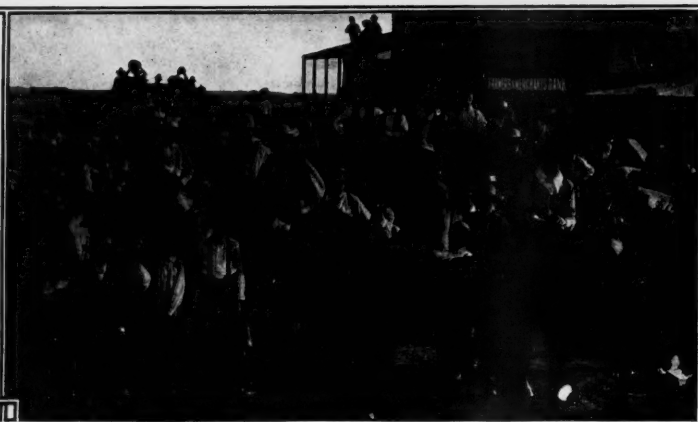
View of Main Street and Broadway on Day of Opening



Crowd at Thomas watching Cheyennes in the Green Corn Dance



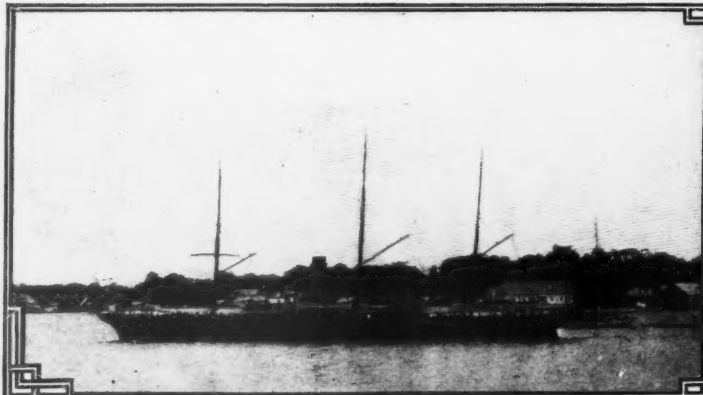
Farmers' and Merchants' Bank



Main Street in Thomas, August 27

Most remarkable of Oklahoma towns is Thomas City, in Custer County, which was built literally in a single day. Timber and sections of houses were ready, and more than one settler who drew a lot in the morning slept in his own house that night. Three thousand persons witnessed the drawing of lots on August 22. Two hundred lots were assigned, some of them costing only twenty dollars, but offered for sale next day for one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars. Those who had not provided houses pitched tents, and within twenty-four hours of the "rush" the barren plain was converted into a town of three thousand inhabitants, with plenty of water and food, and a newspaper, which was printed and circulated on the day the town was born.

THE FALSE ALARM ABOUT "REVOLUTIONIST" DR. WILSON



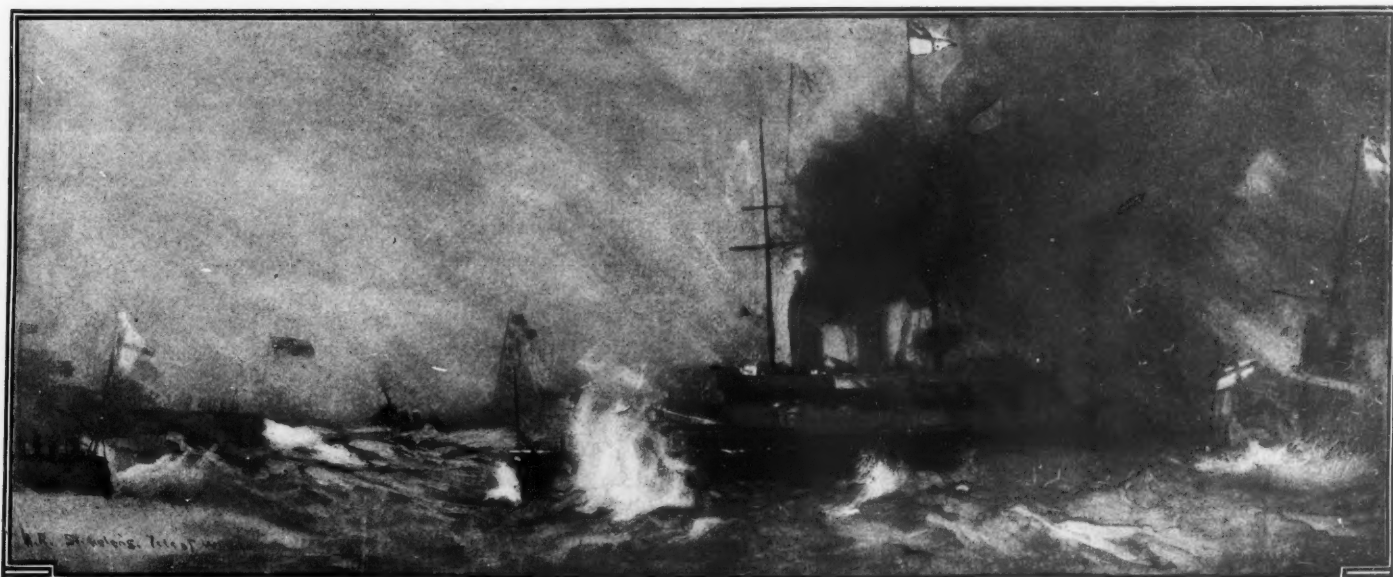
The "Pinzon," loaded with Soldiers, starting on the Expedition



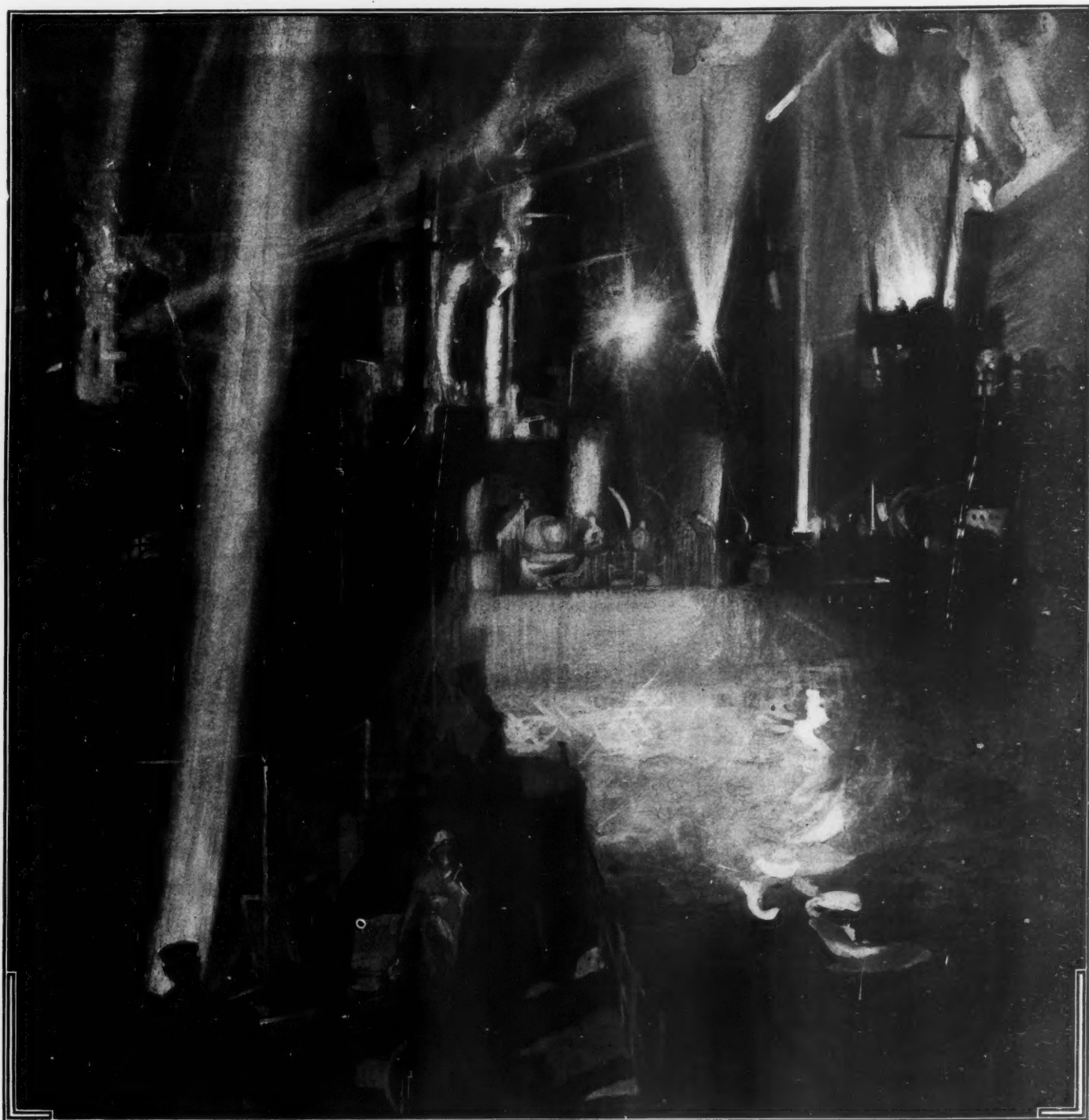
Dr. Russel Wilson (x) and Leaders in the Nicaraguan Campaign

At Bocas del Toro there was much amusement at the sensation created in the newspapers regarding the supposed perilous position and imprisonment of Dr. Russel Wilson, of Bocas del Toro. Young Wilson was asked to act as physician on the "General Pinzon," which had several hundred soldiers on board. At Bluefields the Nicaraguans opened fire on the "Pinzon," which beat a hasty retreat to Bocas, where Dr. Wilson expressed himself as having "had enough." He had never been off the "Pinzon." The above cut shows a good photograph of Dr. Wilson (x), taken in company with some of the officials and leaders of the Nicaraguan campaign, and of the gunboat on which the American took the voyage to newspaper fame.

ENGLAND'S CHANNEL FLEET AT PLAY

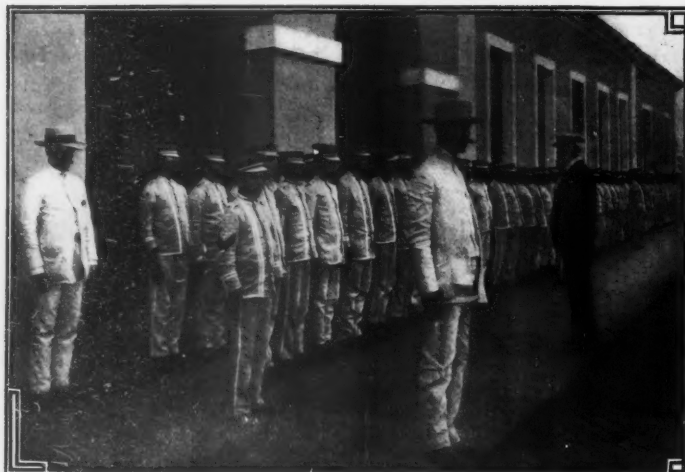


British Warships executing tactical Manoeuvres off the Isle of Wight in heavy Weather



The wonderful Searchlight Display of the British Channel Fleet, at Spithead, during the recent Naval Manoeuvres

DRAWINGS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL, OUR SPECIAL MARINE ARTIST ABROAD



A Company of the Boys drawn up for Inspection



A Blacksmith Shop operated by Workers from the School

MAKING YOUNG CUBANS INTO GOOD AMERICANS

IT IS A GREAT concession for the Cubans to acknowledge, practically, that there is still on the island one American official whose place it is impossible to fittingly supply. With American officers, officials, clerks and employees resigning, leaving, dismissed or suspended in quite a summary manner, with Cubans in a great hurry to offer themselves for any and every post, it would seem that the powers that be would only be too willing to displace an American for one to the manor born. This is an exception, however, the unexpected that sometimes happens. Captain Robert Crawford, ex-naval officer, Superintendent of the Agricultural and Training School for Boys in Santiago de las Vegas, is the man whose duties seem to demand an American—at least, in the eyes of the executive department. Captain Crawford, immediately upon the transfer of government, tendered his resignation to the Board of Directors, but this body refused to accept it, and the captain was urged to remain in the island and continue his valuable work.

As is well known, the Department of Charities has always formed an essential branch of the Cuban Government, even in the days of Spanish sovereignty. After the conclusion of the Spanish-American War, at the beginning of the reorganization of the government, this department was placed in the charge of Major Greble, later in that of Major Kean. An immense amount of work was accomplished in the line of establishing and reforming asylums, hospitals, reform schools, industrial schools, homes for the aged, training schools for nurses, etc. Early in 1900 steps were taken to reorganize the San José Reform School for boys, and much valuable

progress was made. Several changes in the locality were made, and finally the school was removed to Guanajay, where it is now established on a firm foundation. Captain Crawford had charge of this institution for some months, when it was decided to separate the merely indigent boys from the delinquents.

A successor was found for Captain Crawford at Guanajay, which was reduced entirely to a reform school, while the boys innocent of any misdemeanors were gradually removed to Santiago de las Vegas, forming the nucleus of a training school. This is a work for which Captain Crawford by nature and experience is peculiarly fitted, having been for many years superintendent of the Williams Training School near Philadelphia.

The old Spanish cuartel in the village was made habitable, and on March 17, 1901, accommodations were provided for fifty boys, the number being increased until in September there were approximately four hundred boys from three to sixteen years of age admitted to the school.

It was a difficult task to undertake the training of boys, direction of teachers and supervision of employees all speaking a foreign tongue, but Captain Crawford was equal to the occasion. These boys were illiterate, unkempt, ignorant of any kind of work. The first plow was put in the ground in May, 1901, and in a few weeks the school was being supplied with fresh vegetables of its own raising, these conditions continuing up to the present time. Seed germinates and plants mature in a marvellously short time in this fertile soil, under this tropical sky. Lettuce is ready for the table in three weeks from planting, potatoes are dug in six weeks,

tomatoes are gathered in about four weeks, peas, beans and other vegetables in a proportionate time.

In precisely one year from the entrance of the first fifty boys into the school the transformation of the buildings, grounds, appearance of the boys, etc., was complete. A blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, tailoring establishment, etc., were early in the year installed, and during the year the work done by the boys and the instructor in these departments had saved the Junta an expenditure of many thousands of dollars.

During the first year eighty acres of land were broken, plowed and seeded. Twenty-three thousand pineapple plants were set out. Five hundred orange trees were planted and ground prepared for five hundred more. Eighteen bales of tobacco of good quality were sold from the patches cultivated. The table of the pupils and teachers, as well as that of the superintendent, were well supplied with fresh vegetables. Two hundred acres of land, well adapted to almost any kind of crops, constitute the farm, while some live stock has been purchased.

Seeing the establishment now, it is impossible to realize that the results achieved are practically those of one year. Besides the cultivation of the land, and the vast amount of work accomplished about the premises, nearly four hundred boys have been lifted out of degradation, ignorance and vicious surroundings, provided with wholesome food and lodgings, taught to be clean in person—the daily bath being one of the most exacting regulations—instructed in the elements of a plain, practical education, taught habits of industry and self-reliance, and all of them put in a fair way to become useful citizens.

S. L. BECKWITH.



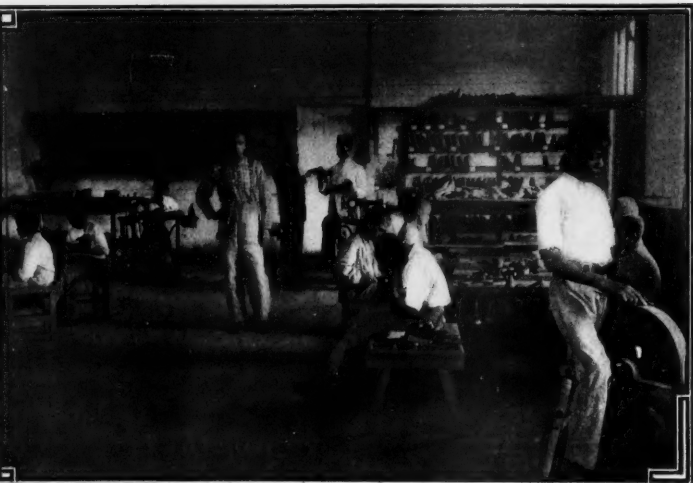
A Lesson in Lesser Mathematics in the Schoolroom



Pupils at work in the Barracks setting up Buildings



Student Farmers at work in the Field



Young Shoemakers working at their Trade

The Wanderings of Aguinaldo and his Officers

By Colonel Villa
of the Filipino Army
(Aguinaldo's Chief-of-Staff)

Edited by
O. K. Davis
(From Col. Villa's own MS.)



(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK)

Aguinaldo fled from Bayambang, accompanied by his officers and their families, escorted by a strong bodyguard—including a brass band—and pursued by the "Americanos." During the early days of the flight glittering schemes (concerning millions and European tours) were discussed. Later, realizing that their pursuers "meant business," they abandoned their women and fled into the mountains near Escarís. When not actively engaged in dodging the American scouts, the Filipinos seem to have passed the time horse-racing and enjoying life generally.

ON FEBRUARY 5 Manuel Guzman, ex-lieutenant of Tirona's unfortunate battalion, arrived in camp. He told us of the surrender of the Cagayan valley, an act due to the infamy, cowardice and shamelessness of General Tirona. He said, also, that it had been observed by everybody that Tirona, in order to ingratiate himself with his master, the American captain to whom he had surrendered, was acting as his personal servant, now trying to secure for him the most exquisite meals possible, now washing the dishes and quarrelling with the cook and private servants of the captain and now cleaning the captain's shoes.

By order of the Honorable President, I commenced this day to make a "black list." All the inhabitants of this valley say that Tirona and the officers of the two battalions under his command dedicated themselves to traffic in rice, tobacco, salt fish, matches, etc.; in a word, monopolized all the business. Rice rose to \$25 a cavan, salt to \$25 a cavan, and petroleum to \$25 a case. In nine months Tirona gathered some \$200,000 and his officers some \$25,000. During his governorship of this valley the house of a wealthy man in Tuguegarao was robbed of jewels of great value and a considerable sum of money without the robbers being detected, notwithstanding the investigations of Tirona. After two months it was seen by everybody in the town that Tirona was wearing the jewels himself.

The local provincial commanders, the neighbors and patriots continue visiting the Honorable President, bringing with them all kinds of gifts for our suffering army.

"READY TO DRINK BLOOD"

We again spent the time divinely in our camp. We received our mail from Manila and heard that the wife and sister of the Honorable President were living there in safety. We began to have horse-races in the afternoons. On February 7 a deserter who had been recaptured was tried by drum-head court-martial and sentenced to death. He was led out to be shot, but the Honorable President sent him a pardon. When it was read everybody immediately cried out, "Hurrah for the Honorable President!" "Hurrah for independence!" That night the Honorable President received letters from Hong Kong and Manila informing him of the disastrous effects produced upon the enemy by our army—all of which is very satisfactory for our cause. The letters mentioned the frenzied condition of the Manila people, who are ready to drink the enemy's blood.

The Honorable President honored the afternoon races with his presence. There was heavy betting and a great deal of animation.

February 10.—Speaking of our camp life. All awoken at the sound of the bugle at 5 A.M., and immediately arrange everything in order so that at any given moment we will not have to preoccupy ourselves with measures for our defence. At seven we have breakfast, after which each one attends to his duties. At noon we have dinner or luncheon and afterward rest until about half-past three, when the horse-racing commences. At six we have supper.

About one o'clock this afternoon we received from a somewhat trustworthy source the grateful news that our independence had been recognized by five nations, though we do not know who these five nations are. But we made this news pass from one ear to another. In spite of the fact that it is much desired by us all, we are quite bored by continually hearing this news.

On the following day, having heard that the enemy was coming to catch, as they say, the Honorable President, we began the march for Abra. The rain poured, but we kept up the march until two in the morning. At eight we went on, and did not stop until four in the afternoon, although we had had nothing to eat. The next morning some of the Calinga men living in these woods presented the Honorable President six fish of the "talilong" variety. Our cook fried them for our luncheon, making the renowned "sinigan" dish. The meal was scarcely ready when we all seated ourselves on the ground in a circle, prepared to eat in an extraordinary manner, because, from the month of November, when we commenced our flight, we had seen only the appetizing pictures of fish. So we were joyful when we commenced eating. We said among ourselves that we were in Manila during those moments, and especially so, seeing we were covered with perspiration at the end of the meal. That was a great day for us.

We continued marching through the mountains for five days, until we arrived at the Ifugao settlement of Parasili. We had suffered much pain in addition to the ordinary hardships of the march, because the savage Ifugaos had placed in the road many pitfalls and sharp stakes fixed beneath the ground, to be trod on by our feet. On account of this savagery we had to lament several accidents. We remained at this place until we had collected enough rice so that each soldier had about nine quarts, or sufficient for three days.

Day after day we continued this terrible marching through mountains. While we were ascending a mountain one morning the Honorable President noticed that all our faces were pale and covered with abundant perspiration, our respiration laborious, and that there were complaints of thirst, obscurity of vision and nausea, and in a loud voice he said to all:

"What a costly thing is independence! How we are suffering!" On hearing this, everybody in the mountains cried out, "Hurrah for independence!"

WHAT A COSTLY THING IS INDEPENDENCE!

On the afternoon of the 27th darkness overtook us on a mountainside and we were compelled to halt. Our desperation was great, because we had neither eaten anything all day nor tasted a drop of water. We went on at six o'clock in the morning. Our fast had made us weak, and at every step some one fell. Our bodies became mere useless bundles of weakness. Ah, what a costly thing is independence!

By force of will we kept on walking. At ten o'clock we reached the foot of the mountain. Ahead was a settlement. The Ifugaos were in great movement and doing a lot of yelling. We sent forward one of our Ifugao guides to inform them of our friendly intentions. After half an hour he returned with two men from the settlement, bringing a bundle of cooked rice. When we—that is, the Honorable President, Villa, Barcelona and Jeciel—saw this rice, it seemed that heaven had opened to us, and we actually ate it at once, even without meat or anything. Afterward we entered the settlement, which the Ifugaos had deserted. Soon they came back to attack us with lances. Seeing their attitude, the Honorable President ordered two of their houses to be burned. Thereupon they withdrew.

Continuing the march, we came to a settlement of the Gaddanes, and found it completely deserted. Before they abandoned their houses the inhabitants had taken up the floors and hidden them. Therefore we were unable to find lodging in their huts. The headman of the next settlement came to see us here with some of his followers, and in the evening we heard them singing with some Gaddanes who had been serving as our guides. The singing is very similar in every respect to that of the Chinese. Next day, when we went on to the next settlement, the Gaddanes from there, with our guides, walked together, singing in chorus.

While we were resting this afternoon, the Honorable President had a conversation with Barcelona and Villa about our situation and the present war against the Americans, saying that even though greater sufferings should come than those we now have, he would endure and accept them with pleasure until the realization of the independence of the country. During this conversation the Honorable President received word that the guides who had served us the day before had been assassinated by inhabitants of the settlement to which they had conducted us. The Honorable President, considering that these guides had served us well, and that, moreover, they had been compelled to come and had therefore died on account of serving us, considered it proper to punish their murderers. So he sent fifty men under an officer to the settlement for that purpose. They returned in a few hours, having carried out their orders.

We kept up the march persistently. Several of the settlements we entered had been deserted, the inhabitants removing the floors of their houses. March 4 found us journeying to the Talucot settlement. To reach it we took the direct line of the road passing along a river. We had hardly gone two hundred yards when we had to cross it, swimming, because of its great depth. Once across, we continued along the bank, walking among rocks which hurt our feet all the time. Although the sick were prohibited from wetting themselves with cold water, they not only took baths once or twice at unreasonable hours this day, but, briefly speaking, they kept it up until our arrival at Talucot, since, in order to reach that place, we had to cross the river seventeen times and therefore each one took seventeen baths. While crossing the river the current was so atrocious we had to grasp one another to prevent being swept away, and when the cold was killing us we sought to distract attention from our sufferings by saying, "What troublesome jokes are these of Otis!"

The Gaddanes of Talucot told us this afternoon that Abra had been taken by the Americans and that the Filipinos who were defending the province had gone to Bontoc. Owing to the carelessness of the Gaddanes, those in this settlement of Talucot insist that Aguinaldo is a supernatural man; that he flies through the air and that he ordinarily stays with the thunder.

In view of the information that the Americans had taken Abra, Captain Villareal was sent forward to ascertain the location of General Tinio and tell him the Honorable President desired a conference with him at the Labugan settlement, where we would remain. Captain Villareal carried two packages of letters from the Honorable President, one for Manila and the other for Hong Kong.

We had been in Labugan but one day when we received word that 300 Americans were in a neighboring settlement. They must certainly be coming in our direction, for upon no other hypothesis can we understand why the Americans should come into these high craggy mountains, undergoing the severest hardships, unless their object is the capture of the Honorable President! How enamored they are with the Honorable President! We heard nothing more of the enemy and remained in this place undisturbed. The troops were

drilled and the non-commissioned officers practiced with the heliograph.

After supper one evening, the Honorable President, in a conversation with Barcelona, Villa and Lieutenant Carasco, told them that as soon as the independence of our country was recognized he would give each of them an amount of land equal to what he himself will take for the future of his own family—that is, 13,500 acres—as a recompense for their work; and also that these plantations will be located adjoining one another in the same province. In all probability they will be located in the San José Valley, Province of Nueva Ecija, and the principal products will be coffee, cocoa, sugar, rice and cattle.

AGUINALDO'S BIRTHDAY

In this settlement we celebrated the thirty-first birthday of the illustrious Filipino chieftain, Emilio Aguinaldo, on March 22. All the officers and soldiers gathered to congratulate him. Lieutenant Bautista and Sergeant Gabes read eloquent addresses and the Honorable President answered them, urging every one to maintain constancy in the sacred cause. Afterward all went away to some woods near the top of the mountain, where a table was spread for 150 persons. At noon all the officers and soldiers sat down to the following banquet:

1. Valencia rice, à la Good Result.
 2. Spring chicken stuffed with native potatoes. Delicious strawberry sauce.
 3. Suckling pig.
 4. Stew à la Mauser.
 5. Fritada (fried meat and vegetables) from Guilaen.
 6. Roast beef à la Bayonet.
- Wines.
The grand Basi of the mountains.
Fruits of the season.
Orange Sherbet.
Thunder Jelly.

After the dinner all the officers proposed toasts, with cries of "Hurrah for the Honorable President," the Liberating Army and Independence.

On March 25 we received news that in a settlement four days from here there are Americans who came from Abra. We do not know their destination. Are they seeking us? How these people do love us!

We continued to live in this settlement without incident until April 12, when General Tinio came to see the Honorable President, having received the message sent him by Captain Villareal. Also we had received reinforcements of seventy-one men commanded by Captain Pael. General Tinio remained with us four days and then returned to his own field of operations.

On April 19 the Honorable President ordered the degradation of two sergeants of our column for having played monte the night before.

We spent the latter part of the months preparing trenches for the defence of this place. On May 1 the Honorable President received word at three in the morning that 100 Americans were coming to attack us. Five days later we heard there were 100 Americans in Bontoc, only four days away. Next day we heard that another force of 100 Americans was in Labaan, a settlement near this one. It is clear they desire to surround us on all sides in order to capture the Honorable President. He is determined to make a stand against them in this place, but in case of our being unable to withstand the advance of the enemy we will hide in the thick woods of these mountain heights.

On May 11 the Honorable President received a letter from Manila informing him that seventeen wagons had been captured by us in Laguna and Cavite provinces, and that each of those captured in Laguna contained \$5,000 in gold and each of those taken in Cavite contained \$7,000 in gold.

May 14.—The Honorable President's correspondence for Manila and foreign countries left this afternoon.

May 16.—We received trustworthy news that the Americans with 260 men are coming to attack us. Every puff of wind seems to carry news in suspense about the coming of the Americans.

On May 17, at six in the morning, the Honorable President received news from an Igorrote that the Americans were in Sumador, but one hour away. He at once sent a courier there, who found the Americans eating breakfast. Immediately on his return the Honorable President gave orders to abandon this place, where we had been for two months. We were obliged to leave our sick who could not walk, for there was no means of carrying them. It cannot be imagined how sad and desperate we were, but Divine Providence will protect these defenders.

"THE AMERICANS SHOT THE SICK"

We marched without stopping until night overtook us. It was so dark we were unable to recognize one another. The road was very narrow and slippery, and crossed by many thorny trees. With our five senses we gave all our attention to our walking. So we continued until midnight, when we reached a little settlement at the foot of a mountain. There we ate some supper and went to sleep. Early in the morning an Igorrote came and told us that the Americans had reached Labugan and burned it and were now pursuing us. He said they numbered 1,000 and had shot the fourteen sick men we left there. This caused us all great terror, not only on account of the number of the enemy, but also because they had closed all the passes everywhere and had come on to attack us. The Honorable President gave orders for a hurried march and, almost flying, we left the settlement. We followed a river with a swift current. It had a snake-like course and we crossed it at every turn by swimming. We crossed at least twenty times. One of our soldiers was drowned. We kept on marching. We stopped where night

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

MOTH AND RUST

MARY CHOLMONDELEY

AUTHOR OF "RED POTAGE"



PART FIVE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PARTS

George Trefusis is engaged to Janet Black. Mrs. Trefusis, an old, aristocratic woman, deprecates her son's choice of a girl with no family connections, her only brother being a scamp. These woes the mother confides to Lady Anne Varney, her guest, who relates her own unhappy love for another. Janet's brother calls on the Trefusises. He tells his sister when she visits her friend, Mrs. Brand, on the morrow, she must persuade Mr. Brand to extend time on his I.O.U. On Janet's arrival in London she finds the Brands' apartments partly destroyed by fire, and Mrs. Brand dying. She makes a terrible confession to Janet and asks her to destroy a packet of letters from a faithless lover. Janet meets two men looking over the ruins left by the fire, Vandrunst, whom Lady Varney loves, and an artist, De Rivaz. In burning Mrs. Brand's love letters Janet discovers they are from her brother. The shock prostrates her, and Lady Varney finding her in this condition takes Janet to her own home. Vandrunst asks Lady Varney to marry him. She refuses; but he promises his assistance in clearing Janet of Brand's accusation that she burned her brother's I.O.U. on the day of the fire. Brand visits Janet and tries to get her to confess. Janet denies burning anything. Brand departs intent upon prosecution.

CHAPTER XII

Il n'est aucun mal qui ne naisse, en dernière analyse—d'une pensée étroite, ou d'un sentiment médiocre.—MÆTERLINCK

THE STORM had fallen on Janet at last. She saw it was a storm, and met it with courage and patience, and without apprehension as to what so fierce a hurricane might ultimately destroy; what foundations its rising floods might sweep away. She suffered dumbly under the knowledge that Monkey Brand and Fred both firmly believed her to be guilty; suffered dumbly the gradual alienation of her brother, who never forgave her her obtuseness when a way of escape had been offered her, and who shivered under an acute anxiety as to what Monkey Brand would do next, together with a gnawing suspense respecting the eldest Miss Ford, who had become the object of marked attentions on the part of a colonial Bishop.

Janet said to herself constantly in these days: "Truth will prevail." She did not believe in the principle, but in her version of it. Her belief in the power of truth became severely shaken as the endless July days dragged themselves along, each slower than the last. Truth did not prevail. The storm prevailed instead. Foundations began to crumble.

How it came about it would be difficult to say, but the damning evidence against Janet, the suspicion, the almost certainty of her duplicity, reached Easthope.

Mrs. Trefusis seized upon it to urge her son to break with Janet. He resisted with stubbornness his mother's frenzied entreaties. Nevertheless, after a time his fixity of purpose was undermined by a sullen, growing suspicion that Janet was guilty. Fred had hinted as much. Fred's evident conviction of Janet's action, and inability to see that it was criminal; his confidential assertion that the money would be repaid, pushed George slowly to the conclusion that Janet had been her brother's cat's-paw—perhaps not for the first time. George felt with deep if silent indignation that with him, her future husband, if with any one, Janet ought to be open, truthful. But she was not. She repeated her obvious lie even to him, when at last he forced himself to speak to her on the subject. His narrow, upright nature abhorred crookedness, and, according to his feeble searchlight, he deemed Janet crooked.

His mother's admonitions began to work in him like leaven. How often she had said to him: "She has lied to others. The day will come when she will lie to you." That day had already come. Perhaps his mother was right after all. He had heard men say the same thing: "What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." "Take a bird out of a good nest," etc., etc.

And George, who in other circumstances would have defended Janet to the last drop of his blood; who would have carried her over burning deserts till he fell dead from thirst—George, who was capable of heroism on her behalf, weakened toward her.

She had fallen in love with him in the beginning partly because he was "straighter" than the men she associated with. Yet this very rectitude which had attracted her was now alienating her lover from her as perhaps nothing else could have done. Strange back blow of Fate, that the cord which had drawn her toward him should tighten to a noose round her neck. George weakened toward her.

It seems to be the miserable fate of certain upright, closed natures, who take their bearings from without, always to fail when the pinch comes; to disbelieve in those whom they obtusely love when suspicion falls on them; to be alienated from them by their success; to be discouraged by their faults, incredulous of their higher motives, repelled by their enthusiasms.

George would not have failed if the pinch had not come. Like many another man, found faithful because his faith had not been put to the test, he would have made Janet an excellent and loving husband, and they would probably have spent many happy years together—if only the pinch had not come. Anne early divined, from Janet's not very luminous letters, that George was becoming estranged from her. Anne came

down for a Sunday to Easthope early in July, and quickly discovered the cause of this estrangement (which Janet had not mentioned) in the voluble denunciations of Mrs. Trefusis and the sullen unhappiness of her son.

Mrs. Trefusis had wormed out all the most damning evidence against Janet, partly from Fred's confidence to George and partly from Monkey Brand, with whom she had had money dealings and to whom she had applied direct. She showed Anne the money-lender's answer, in its admirable restrained conciseness, with its ordered sequence of inexorable facts. Anne's heart sank as she read it, and she suddenly remembered Janet's words in delirium: "I have burned them all. Everything. There is nothing left."

The letter fell from her nerveless hand. She looked at it, momentarily stunned.

"And this is the woman," said Mrs. Trefusis, scratching the letter toward her with her stick and regaining possession of it, "this is the woman whom you pressed me only a month ago to receive as my daughter-in-law. Didn't I say she came of a bad stock? Didn't I say what was bred in the bone would come out in the flesh? George would not listen to me then, but my poor, deluded boy is beginning to see now that I was right."

Mrs. Trefusis wiped away two small tears with her trembling, claw-like hand. Anne could not but see that she was inevitably convinced of Janet's guilt.

"You think I am vindictive, Anne," she said. "You may be right. I know I was at first, and perhaps I am still. I always hated the connection, and I always hated her. But—but it's not *only* that now. It's my boy's happiness. I must think of him. He is my only son, and I can't sit still and see his life wrecked."

"I am certain Janet did not do it," said Anne suddenly, her pale face flaming. "George and you may believe she did, if you like. I don't."

Anne walked over to Ivy Cottage the same afternoon, and Janet saw her in the distance and fled out to her across the fields and fell upon her neck. But even Anne's tender entreaties and exhortations were of no avail. Janet understood at last that her mechanically repeated formula was ruining her with her lover. But she had promised Cuckoo to say it, and she stuck to it.

"Why does not George believe in me, even if appearances are against me?" said Janet at last. "I would believe in him."

"That is different."

"How different?"

"Because you are made like that, and he isn't. It's a question of temperament. You have a trustful nature. He has not. You must take George's character into consideration. It is foolish to love a person who is easily suspicious, and then allow him to become suspicious. You have no right to perplex him. Just as some people who care for us must have it made easy to them all the time to go on caring for us. If there is any strain or difficulty, or if they are put to inconvenience, they will leave us." Janet was silent.

"As you and George both love each other," continued Anne, "can't you say something to him? Don't you see it would be only right to say a few words to him which will show him—that I am sure is the truth—that you are concealing something which has led to this false suspicion falling on you."

Janet shook her head. "He ought to know it's false," she said.

"Could not you say to him, even though you cannot do so to your brother or Mr. Brand, that you burned some compromising papers at Mrs. Brand's dying request? He might believe that, for it is known that you *did* burn papers, dearest; and it is also obvious that you must have burned a good many. That one I.O.U. does not account for the quantity of ashes."

"I could not say that," said Janet, whitening. "And besides," she added hastily, "I have said so many times" (and indeed she had) "that I burned nothing, that George would not know what to believe if I say first one thing and then another."

"He does not know what to believe now. Unless you can say something to reassure his mind you will lose your George."

"You believe in me?"

"Implicitly."

"Then why doesn't George?" continued Janet, with the feminine talent for reasoning in a circle. "That is the only thing that is necessary. Not that I should say things I can't say, but that he should trust me. I don't care what other people think, so long as he believes in me."

She, who never exacted anything heretofore, whose one object had been to please her George, now made one demand upon him. It was the first and last which she ever made upon her lover. And he could not meet it.

"His belief is shaken."

"Truth will prevail," said Janet stubbornly.

"It will, no doubt, in the end; but in the meanwhile? And how if truth is masked by a lie?"

Janet did not answer. Perhaps she did not fully understand. She saw only two things in these days: one, that George ought to believe in her, and the other, that, come what might, she would keep the promise made to Cuckoo on her death-bed. She constantly remembered the rigid, dying face, the difficult whisper:

"Promise me that whatever happens you will never tell any one that you have burned anything."—"I promise."

"You swear it?"—"I swear it." That oath she would keep.

Anne returned to London with a heavy heart. She left no stone unturned. She interviewed De Rivaz and Stephen on the subject, as we have seen. But her efforts were unavailing as far as George was concerned. The affair of the burning of papers was hushed up, but it had reached the only person who had the power to wreck Janet's happiness.

Some weeks after Anne's visit, Janet one day described the large figure of Stephen stalking slowly up across the fields. Janet tired her eyes daily in scanning the fields in the direction of Easthope, but a certain person came no more by that much-frequented way.

The millionaire had a long interview with Janet; but his valuable time was wasted. He could not move her. He told her that he firmly believed the missing I.O.U. would turn up, and that in the meanwhile he had paid Mr. Brand, and that she might repay him at her convenience. He could wait. For a moment she was frightened; but a glance at Stephen's austere, quick eyes, bent searchingly upon her, reassured her. She trusted him at once. It was never known what he had said to Monkey Brand as to his having seen Janet in the burned flat; but Monkey Brand gained nothing from the discussion of that compromising fact—except his money.

Fred was awed by the visit of Stephen, and by the amazing fact that he had paid Monkey Brand. Fred said repeatedly that it was the action of a perfect gentleman; exactly what he should have done if he had been in Stephen's place. He let George hear of it at the first opportunity. But the information had no effect on George's mind, except that it was vaguely prejudicial to Janet.

Why had she accepted such a large sum from a man of whom she knew next to nothing, whom she had only seen once before for a moment, and that an equivocal one? Women should not accept money from men. And why did he offer it?

He asked these questions of himself. To Fred he only vouchsafed a nod, to show that he had heard what Fred had waylaid him to say.

Some weeks later still, in August, De Rivaz came to Ivy Cottage, hat in hand, stammering, deferential, to ask Janet to allow him to paint her. He would do anything, take rooms in the neighborhood, make his convenience entirely subservient to hers, if she would only sit to him. He saw with a pang that she was not conscious that they had met before. She had forgotten him, and he did not remind her of their first meeting. He knew that hour had brought trouble upon her. Her face showed it. The patient, enduring spirit was beginning to look through the exquisite face. Her beauty overwhelmed him. He trembled before it. He pleaded hard, but she would not listen to him. She said apathetically that she did not wish to be painted. She was evidently quite unaware of the distinction which he was offering her. His name had conveyed nothing to her. He had to take his last leave, but as he walked away in the rain, he turned and looked back at the house.

"I will come back," he said, his thin face quivering.

It was a wet August, and the harvest rotted on the ground. No one came to Ivy Cottage along the sodden footpath from Easthope. A slow anger was rising in Janet's heart against her lover, the anger that will invade at last the hearts of humble, sincere natures when they find that love and trust have not gone together.

George never openly broke with Janet; never could be induced to write the note to her which, his mother told him, it was his duty to write. No. He simply stayed away from her week after week, month after month. When his mother urged him to break off his engagement formally, he said doggedly that Janet could see for herself that all was over between them.

The day came at last when Janet met him suddenly in the streets of Mudbury, on market day. He took off his hat, in answer to her timid greeting, and passed on, looking straight in front of him.

Perhaps he had his evil hour that night, for Janet was very fair. Seen suddenly, unexpectedly, she seemed more beautiful than ever. And she was to have been his wife.

After that blighting moment when even Janet perceived that George was determined not to speak to her; after that Janet began to see that when foundations are undermined, that which is built upon them will one day totter and—fall.

CHAPTER XIII

*The heart asks pleasure first,
And then, excuse from pain;
And then, those little anodynes
That deaden suffering:*

*And then, to go to sleep;
And then if it should be
The will of its Inquisitor
The liberty to die.*

—EMILY DICKINSON

THERE are long periods in the journey of life when "the road winds uphill all the way." There are also long periods when the dim plain holds us, endless day after day, till the last bivouac fires of our youth are quenched in its rains.



Janet was the first to see her brother's signature, and she pointed to it with a cry

But when we look back across our journey, do we not forget alike the hill and the plain? Do we not rather remember that one turn, exceeding sharp, of the narrow, inevitable way, what time the light failed, and the ground yawned beneath our feet, and we knew fear?

There is a slow descent, awful, step by step, into a growing darkness, which those know who have strength to make it. Only the strong are brken on certain wheels. Only the strong know the dim landscape of Hades, that world which underlies the lives of all of us.

I cannot follow Janet down into it. I can only see her as a shadow, moving among shadows; going down unconsciously with tears in her eyes, taking, poor thing, her brave, loving, unselfish heart with her, to meet anguish, desolation, desertion, and at last despair. If we needs must go down that steep stair, we go alone, and who shall say how it fared with us? Nature has some appalling beneficent processes, of which it is not well to speak. Life has been taught at the same knee out of the same book, and when her inexorable disintegrating hand closes over us, the abhorrent darkness, from which we have shrunk with loathing, becomes our only friend.

In the following autumn and winter Janet slowly descended inch by inch, step by step, that steep stair. She reached at last the death of love. She thought she reached it many times before she actually touched it. She believed she reached it when the news of George's engagement penetrated to her. But she did not in reality. No, she hoped against hope to the last day, to the morning of his wedding. She did not know she hoped. She supposed she had long since given up all thought of a reconciliation between her and her lover. But when the wedding was over, when he was really gone, then something broke within her—the last string of the lyre over which blind Hope leans.

There are those who tell us that we have not suffered till we have known jealousy. Janet's foot reached that lowest step, and was scorched upon it.

Only then she realized that she had never, never believed that he could really leave her. Even on his wedding morning she had looked out across the fields, by which she had so often seen him come, which had been so long empty of that familiar figure. She knew he was far away at the house of the bride, but nevertheless she expected that he would come to her, and hold her to his heart and say: "But, Janet, I could never marry any one but you. You know such a thing could never be. What other woman could part you and me, who cannot part?" And then the evil dream would fall from her, and she and George would look gravely at each other, and the endless, endless pain would pass away.

Wrapped close against the anguish of love there is always a word such as this with which human nature sustains its aching heart; poor human nature which believes that, come what may, Love can never die.

"Some day," the woman says to herself, half knowing that that day can never dawn, "some day I shall tell him of these awful months, full of days like years, and nights like nothing, please God, which shall never be endured again. Some day—it may be a long time off—but some day I shall say to him, 'Why did you leave me?' And he will tell me his foolish reasons, and we shall lean together in tears. And surely some

day I shall say to him, 'I always burned your letters, for fear I might die suddenly and others should read them. But see, here are the envelopes, every one. That envelope is nearly worn out. Do you remember what you said inside it? That one is still new. I only read the letter it had in it once. How could you, how could you write it?'"

"Some day," the man says to himself, when the work of day is done, "some day my hour will come. She thinks me harsh and cold; but some day, when these evil days are past and she understands, I will wrap her round with a tenderness such as she has never dreamed of. I will show her what a lover can be. She finds the world hard and its ways a weariness—let her—but some day she shall own to me, to me, here in this room, that she did not know what life was, what joy and peace were, until she let my love take her."

Yet he half knows she will never come, that woman whose coming seems inevitable as spring. So the heart comforts itself, telling itself fairy stories until the day dawns when Reality's stern, beneficent figure enters our dwelling, and we know at last that not one word of all we have spoken in imagination will ever be said. What we have suffered, we have suffered. The one for whom it was borne will hear no further word from us.

The moth and the rust have corrupted.

The thieves have broken through and stolen.

Then rise, lay hold of your pilgrim's staff, and take up life with a will.

CHAPTER XIV

My river runs to thee:

Blue sea, will welcome me?

—EMILY DICKINSON

THE winter, that dealt so sternly with Janet, smiled on Anne. She spent Christmas in London, for the Duke was, or at least he said he was, in too delicate a state of health to go to his ancestral halls in the country, where the Duchess had repaired alone, believing herself to be but the herald of the rest of her family; and where she was expending her fearful energy on Christmas trees, magic lanterns, ventriloquists, entertainments of all kinds for children and adults, tenants, inmates of workhouses, country neighbors, Sunday-school teachers, Mothers' Unions, Ladies' Working Guilds, Bands of Hope, etc., etc. She was in her element.

Anne and her father were in theirs. The Duke did not shirk the constant inevitable duties of his position; but by nature he was a recluse, and at Christmas time he yielded to his natural bias. Anne also lived too much on the highway of life. She knew too many people; her sympathy had drawn toward her too many insolvent natures. She was glad to be for a time out of the pressure of the crowd. She and her father spent a peaceful Christmas and New Year together, only momentarily disturbed by the frantic telegrams of the Duchess commanding Anne to despatch five hundred presents at one shilling suitable for schoolgirls, or forty ditto at half-a-crown for young catechists.

The New Year came in in snow and fog. But it was none the worse for that. On this particular morning Anne stood a long time at the window of her sitting-room, looking out at the impenetrable blanket of the fog. The newsboys were crying something in the streets, but she could hear nothing distinctive except the word "city."

Presently she took out of her pocket two letters and read them slowly. There was no need for her to read them. Not only did she know them by heart, but she knew exactly where each word came on the paper. "Martial law" was on the left-hand corner of the top of the second sheet. "Dependent on Kaffir labor" was in the middle of the third page. They were dilapidated-looking letters, possibly owing to the fact that they were read last thing every night and first thing every morning, and that they were kept under Anne's pillow at night, so that if she waked she could touch them. It is hardly necessary to add that they were in Stephen's small, cramped, mercantile handwriting.

Stephen had been recalled to South Africa on urgent business early in the autumn. He had been there for nearly three months. During that time, after intense cogitation, he had written twice to Anne. I am under the impression that he was under the impression that those two documents were love letters. At any rate, they were the only two letters which Stephen ever composed which could possibly be classed under that heading. And their composition cost him much thought. In them he was so good as to inform Anne of the population of the town he wrote from, its principal industries, its present distress under martial law. He also described the climate. His nearest approach to an impulsive outburst was a polite expression of hope that she and her parents were well, and that he expected to be in England again by Christmas. Anne kissed the signature, and then laughed till she cried over the letter. Stephen did, as a matter of fact, indite a third letter, but it was of so bold a nature—it expressed a wish to see her again—that, after reading it over about twenty times, he decided not to risk sending it.

When Anne was an old woman she still remembered the population of two distracted little towns in South Africa and their respective industries.

Stephen was as good as his word. His large foot was once more planted on English soil a day or two before Christmas. In spite of an overwhelming pressure of business, he had found time to dine with Anne and her father several times since he arrived. The Duke had met him at a directors' meeting, and, quite oblivious of Anne's refusal of him, had pressed him to come back with him to dinner. The Duke asked him constantly to dine after that. The old attraction between the two men renewed its hold.

These quiet evenings round the fire seemed to Stephen to contain the pith of life. The Duke talked well, but on occasion Stephen talked better. Anne listened. The kitchen cat, now, alas! grown large and vulgar, with an unmodulated purr, was allowed to make a fourth in these peaceful gatherings, and had coffee out of Anne's saucer, sugared by Stephen, every evening.

Then, for no apparent reason, Stephen ceased to come.

Anne, who had endured so much suspense about him, could surely endure a little more. But it seemed she could not. For a week he did not come. In that one week she aged perceptibly. The old pain took her again, the old anger and resentment at being made to suffer, the old fierceness, "which from tenderness is never far." She had thought that she had conquered these enemies so often, that she had routed them so entirely, that they could never confront her again. But they did. In the ranks of



"DARE WE ATT

DRAWN BY E. F.



ATTEMPT IT?"

WN B. E. FROST

MOTH AND RUST—BY MARY CHOLMONDELEY

her old foes a new one had enlisted, Hope; and Hope, if he forces his way into the heart where he has been long a stranger, knows how to reopen many a deep and nearly healed wound, which will bleed long after he is gone.

And where were Anne's patience, her old steadfastness and fortitude? Could they be worn out?

As she stood by the window, trying to summon her faithless allies to her aid, her father came in with a newspaper in his hand.

"This is serious," he said, "about Vanbrunt."

She turned upon him like lightning.

The Duke tapped the paper.

"I knew Vanbrunt was in difficulties," he said. "A week ago, when he was last here, he advised me to sell out certain shares. It seems he would not sell out himself. He said he would see it through, and now the smash has come. I'm afraid he's ruined."

A beautiful color rose to Anne's face. Her eyes shone. She felt a sudden inrush of life. She became young, strong, alert. Her father was too much preoccupied to notice her.

"Vanbrunt is a fine man," he said. "He had ample time to get out. But he stuck to the ship, and he's gone down with it. I'm sorry. I liked him."

"Are you sure he's really ruined?"

"The papers say so. They also say he can meet his liabilities." The Duke read aloud a paragraph which Anne did not understand. "That spells ruin even for him," he said.

He took several turns across the room.

"He has been working day and night for the last week," he said, "to avoid this crash. It might have been avoided. He told me a little when he was last here, but in confidence. He is straight, but others weren't. He has not been backed. He has been let in by his partners."

The Duke sighed, and went back to his study on the ground floor.

Anne opened the window with a trembling hand, and peered out into the fog.

Stephen was sitting in his inner room at his office in the City, biting an already sufficiently bitten little finger. His face bore the mark of the incessant toil of the last week. His eyes were fixed absently on the electric light. His mind was concentrated with unabated strength on his affairs, as a magnifying glass may focus its light into flame on a given point. He had fought strenuously, and he had been beaten—not by fair means. He could meet the claims upon him. He could, in his own language, "stand the racket," but in the eyes of the financial world he was ruined. In his own eyes he was on the verge of ruin. But a man with an iron nerve can find a foothold on precipices where another turns giddy and loses his head. Stephen's courage rose to the occasion. He felt equal to it. His strong, acute, alert mind worked indefatigably hour after hour, while he sat apparently idle. He was not perturbed. He saw his way through.

He heard the newsboys in the streets crying out his bankruptcy, and smiled. At last he drew a sheet of paper toward him and became absorbed in figures.

He was never visible to any one when he was in this inner chamber. His head clerk knew that he must not on any pretext be disturbed. And those who knew Stephen discovered that he was not to be disturbed with impunity.

He looked up at last and rose to his feet, shaking himself like a dog.

"I can carry through," he said. "They think I can't, but I can. But if the worst comes to the worst—which it shall not—I doubt if I shall have a shilling left."

He took a turn in the room.

"Wait a bit, you fools," he said half aloud. "If your cowardice does ruin me, wait a bit. I have made money, not once, nor twice, and I can make it again."

A tap came to the door.

He reddened with sudden anger. Did not Jones know that he was not to be interrupted till two, when he must meet and, if possible, pacify certain half-frantic, stampeding shareholders?

The door opened with decision, and Anne came in. For a moment Stephen saw the aghast face of his head clerk behind her. Then Anne shut the door and confronted him.

The image of Anne was so consistently with Stephen, her every little trick of manner, from the way she turned her head to the way she folded her hands, was all so carefully registered in his memory, had become so entirely a part of himself, that it was no surprise to him to see her. Did he not see her always? Nevertheless, as he looked at her, all power of going forward to meet her, of speaking to her, left him. The blood seemed to ebb slowly from his heart, and his grim face blanched.

"How did you come here?" he stammered at last, his voice sounding harsh and unfamiliar.

"On foot."

"In this fog?"

"Yes."

"Who came with you?"

"I came alone. I wished to speak to you. I hear you are ruined."

"I can meet my liabilities," he said proudly.

"Is it true that you have lost two millions?"

"It is—possibly more."

A moment of terror seemed to pass over Anne. The lovely color in her cheek faded suddenly. She supported herself against the table with a shaking gloved hand. Then she drew herself up, and said in a firm voice:

"Do you remember that night in Hamilton Gardens when you asked me to marry you?"

Stephen bowed. He could not speak. Even his great strength was only just enough.

"I refused you because I saw you were convinced that I did not care for you. If I had told you I loved you then you would not have believed it."

Stephen's hand gripped the mantelpiece. He was trembling from head to foot. His eyes never left her.

"But now the money is gone," she said, becoming paler than ever, "perhaps, now the dreadful money is gone, you will believe me if I tell you that I love you."

And so Stephen and Anne came home to each other at last—at last.

"My dear," said the Duke to Anne the following day,

"this is a very extraordinary proceeding of yours. You refuse Vanbrunt when he is rich, and accept him when he is tottering on the verge of ruin. It seems a reversal of the usual order of things. What will your mother say?"

"I have already had a letter from her thanking Heaven I was not engaged to him. She says a good deal about how there is a higher Power which rules things for the best."

"I wish she would allow it free scope," said the Duke.

"All the same, I should be thankful if she were here. It will be my horrid, vulgar duty to ask Vanbrunt what he has got; what small remains there are of his enormous fortune. I hear on good authority that he is almost penniless. One is not a parent for nothing. I wish to goodness your mother were in town. She always did this sort of thing herself with a dreadful relish on previous occasions. You must push him into my study, my dear, after his interview with you. I will endeavor to act the heavy father. That is his bill. I will depart. I have letters to write."

The Duke left the room, and then put his head in again.

"It may interest you to know, Anne," he said, "that I've seen handsomer men, and I've seen better-dressed men, and I've seen men of rather lighter build, but I've not seen any man I like better than your ex-millionaire."

Two hours later, after Stephen's departure, the Duke returned to his daughter's sitting-room, and sank exhausted into a chair.

"Really I can't do this sort of thing twice in a lifetime," he said faintly. "Have you any salts handy? No—you—need not fetch them. I'm not seriously indisposed. How heartlessly blooming you are looking, Anne, while your parent is suffering. Now remember, if I ever want you to marry again, don't send your second husband to interview me, for I won't have it."

"Come, come, father. Didn't you tell me to push him into your study? And I thought you looked so impressive and dignified when I brought him in. Quite a model father."

"I took a firm attitude with him," continued the Duke.

"I saw he was nervous. That made it easier for me. Vanbrunt is a shy man. I was in the superior position. Hateful thing to ask a man for his daughter. I said: 'Now, look here, Vanbrunt, I understand you wish to marry my daughter. I don't wish it myself, but—'"

"Oh! father, you never said that."

"Well, not exactly. I owned to him that I could put up with him better than with most men, but that I could not let you marry poverty. He asked me what I considered poverty. That rather stumped me. In fact, I did not know what to say. It was not his place to ask questions."

"Father, you did promise me you would let me marry him on eight hundred a year?"

"Well, yes, I did. I don't like it, but I did say so. In short, I told him you worked me up to that point."

"And what did he say?"

"He said he did not think in that case that any real difficulty about money need arise; that at one moment he had stood to lose all he had, and he had lost two millions; but that his affairs had taken an unexpected turn during the last twenty-four hours and he believed he could count on an odd million or two, certainly on half a million. I collapsed, Anne. My attitude fell to pieces. It was Vanbrunt who scored. He had had a perfectly grave face till then. Then he smiled grimly, and we shook hands. He did not say much, but what he did say was to the point. I think, my dear, that while Vanbrunt lasts his love for you will last. He has got it very firmly screwed into him. But these interviews annihilate me."

The Duke raised the kitchen cat to his knee and rubbed it behind the ears.

"I made the match, Anne," he said. "You owe it all to me. I asked him to dinner when I met him at that first directors' meeting a fortnight ago. I had it in my mind then."

"Father! You know you had not."

"Well, no. I had not. I did not think of it! I can't say I did. But, still, I was a sort of bulwark to the whole thing. You had my moral support. I shall tell your mother so."

CONCLUSION

*So passes, all confusedly
As lights that hurry, shapes that flee
About some brink we dimly see,
The trivial, great,
Squalid, majestic tragedy
Of human fate.*

—WILLIAM WATSON

I wish life were more like the stories one reads, the beautiful stories, which, whether they are grave or gay, still have picturesque endings. The hero marries the heroine after insuperable difficulties, which in real life he would never have overcome; or the heroine creeps down into a romantic grave, watered by our scalding tears. At any rate, the story is gracefully wound up. There is an ornamental conclusion to it. But life, for some inexplicable reason, does not lend itself with docility to the requirements of the lending libraries, and only too frequently fails to grasp the dramatic moment for an impressive close. None of us reach middle age without having watched several violent melodramas, whose main interest lies further apart from their moral than we were led, in our tender youth, to anticipate. We have seen better plays off the stage than even Shakespeare ever put on. But Shakespeare finished his, and pulled down the curtain on them, while, with those we watch in life, we have time to grow gray between the acts, and we only know the end has come, when at last it does come, because the lights have been going out all the time, one by one, and we find ourselves at last alone in the dark.

Janet's sweet, melancholy face rises up before me as I think of these things, and I could almost feel impatient with her when I remember how the one romantic incident in her uneventful life never seemed to get itself wound up. The consequences went on, and on, and on, till all novelty and interest dropped inevitably from them and from her.

Some of us come to turning-points in life, and don't turn. We become warped instead. It was so with Janet.

Is there any turning point in life like our first real encounter with anguish, loneliness, despair?

I do not pity those who meet open-eyed these stern angels of God, and wrestle with them through the night, until the day breaks, extorting from them the blessings that they way-

laid us to bestow. But is it possible to withhold awed compassion for those who, like Janet, go down blind into Hades, and struggle impotently with God's angels as with enemies? Janet endured with dumb, uncomplaining dignity, she knew not what, she knew not why; and came up out of her agony, as she had gone down into it, with clinched empty hands. The greater hope, the deeper love, the wider faith, the tenderer sympathy—these she brought not back with her. She returned gradually to her normal life with her conventional ideas crystallized, her small, crude beliefs in love and her fellow-creatures withered.

That was all George did for her.

The virtues of narrow natures such as George's seem of no use to any one except, possibly, to their owner. They are a great stumbling-block to their weaker brethren, they cause so much pain, they choke the spiritual life as mercilessly, they engender as much scepticism in unreasoning minds as certain gross vices. If we are unjust, it matters little to our victims what makes us so, or whether we have prayed to see right, if for long years we have closed our eyes to unpalatable truths.

George's disbelief in Janet's rectitude, which grew out of a deep sense of rectitude, had the same effect on her mind as if he had deliberately seduced and deserted her. The executioner reached the gallows of his victim by a clean path. That was the only difference. So much the better for him. The running noose for her was the same. Unreasoning belief in love and her fellow-creatures was followed by an equally unreasoning disbelief in both.

Janet kept her promise. She held firm. Amid all the promises of the world, made only to be broken, kept only till the temptation to break them punctually arrived, amid all that debris one foolish promise remained intact, Janet's promise to Cuckoo.

George married. Then, shortly afterward, Fred married the eldest Miss Ford, and found great happiness. His bliss was at first painfully streaked with total abstinence, but he gradually eradicated this depressing element from his new home life. And in time his slight insolvent nature reached a kind of stability, through the love of the virtuous female prig, the "perfect lady" to whom he was all in all. Fred changed greatly for the better after his marriage, and in the end he actually repaid Stephen the money the latter had advanced to Monkey Brand for Janet's sake.

Janet lived with the young couple at first, but Mrs. Fred did not like her. She knew vaguely, as did half the neighborhood, that Janet had been mixed up in something discreditable, and that her engagement had been broken off on that account. Mrs. Fred was, as we know, a person of the highest principles, and high principles naturally shrink from contact with any less exalted. Several months after the situation between the two women had become untenable Janet decided to leave home. She had nowhere to go, and no money, so, like thousands of other women in a similar predicament, she decided to support herself by education. She had received no education herself, but that was not in her mind any bar to imparting it. Anne, who had kept in touch with her, interfered peremptorily at this point, and when Janet did finally leave home, it was to go to Anne's house in London, till "something turned up."

It was a sunny day in June when Janet arrived in London, for the first time since her ill-fated visit there a year ago. She looked up at Lowndes Mansions as her four-wheeler plodded past them, toward Anne's house in Park Lane. Even now, a year after the great fire, scaffolds were still pricking up against the central tower of the larger block of building. The damage caused by the fire was not even yet quite repaired. Perhaps some of it would never be repaired.

Mrs. Trefusis was sitting with Anne on this particular afternoon, confiding to her some discomforting characteristics in her new daughter-in-law, the wife whom she had herself chosen for her son.

"I am an old woman," said Mrs. Trefusis, "and of course I don't march with the times; the world is for the young. I know that very well, but still I must own, Anne, I had imagined that affection still counted for something in marriage."

"I wonder what makes you think that?"

"Well, not the marriages I see around me, my dear, that is just what I say, though what has made you so cynical all at once, I don't know. But I ask you—look at Gertrude. She does not know what the word love means."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"I am. She has been married to George three months, and it might be thirty years by the way they behave. And she seemed such a particularly nice girl, and exceedingly sensible, and well brought up. I should have thought she would at any rate try to make my boy happy after all the sorrow he has gone through. But they don't seem to have any real link to each other. It isn't that they don't get on. They do, in a way. She is sharp enough for that. She does her duty by him. She is nice to him, but all her interests, and she has interests, seem to be apart from anything to do with him."

"Does he mind?"

"I never really know what George minds or doesn't mind," said Mrs. Trefusis. "It has been the heaviest cross of the many crosses I have had to bear in life, that he never confides in me. George has always been extremely reticent. Thoughtful natures often are. He will sit for hours without saying a word, looking—"

"Gloom is the word she wants," said Anne to herself, as Mrs. Trefusis hesitated.

"Reserved," said Mrs. Trefusis. "He does not seem to care to be with Gertrude. And yet you know Gertrude is very taking, and there is no doubt she is good-looking. And she sings charmingly. Unfortunately, George does not care for music."

"She is really musical."

"They made a very handsome couple," said Mrs. Trefusis plaintively. "When I saw them come down the aisle together I felt happier about him than I had done for years. It seemed as if I had been rewarded at last. And I never saw a bride smile and look as bright as she did. But somehow it all seems to have fallen flat. She didn't even care to see the photographs of George when he was a child, when I got them out the other day. She said she would like to see them, and then forgot to look at them."

Anne was silent.

"Well," said Mrs. Trefusis, rising slowly, "I suppose the truth is that in these days young people don't fall in love

as they did in my time. I must own, Gertrude has disappointed me."

"I daresay she will make him a good wife."

"Oh! my dear, she does. She is an extremely practical woman; but one wants more for one's son than a person who will make him a good wife. If she were a less good wife, and cared a little more about him, I should feel less miserable about the whole affair."

Mrs. Trefusis sighed heavily.

"I must go," she said, in the voice of one who might be persuaded to remain.

But Anne did not try to detain her, for she was expecting Janet every moment, though she did not warn Mrs. Trefusis of the fact, for the name of Janet was never mentioned between Anne and Mrs. Trefusis. Mrs. Trefusis had once diffidently endeavored to reopen the subject with Anne, but found it instantly and decisively closed. If Janet had existed in a novel, she would certainly have been coming up Anne's wide white staircase at the exact moment that Mrs. Trefusis was going down; but, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Trefusis was packed into her carriage and drove away quite half a minute before Janet's four-wheeler came round the corner.

Anne's heart ached for Janet when she appeared in the doorway. She almost wished that Mrs. Trefusis had been confronted with the worn, white face of the only woman who had loved her son.

Then Janet looked at the wedding-ring on Anne's finger, and smiled at her in silence.

Anne looked down tremulously, for fear lest the joy in her eyes should make Janet's heart ache, as her own heart had ached one little year ago, when she had seen Janet and George together in the rose garden.

"I am so glad," said Janet. "I did so wish that time at Easthope—do you remember?—that you could be happy, too. It's just a year ago."

"Just a year," said Anne.

"I suppose you cared for him then," said Janet. "But I expect it was in a more sensible way than I did. You were always so much wiser than me. One lives and learns."

"I cared for him then," said Anne, busying herself making tea for her friend. When she had made it she went to a side-table and took from it a splendid satin tea-cosy, which she placed over the teapot. It had been Janet's wedding present to her.

Janet's eyes lighted on it with pleasure.

"I am glad you use it every day," she said. "I was so afraid you would only use it when you had company."

Anne stroked it with her slender white hand. There was a kind of tender radiance about her which Janet had never observed in her before.

"It makes me happy that you are happy," said Janet. "I only hope it will last. I felt last year that you were in trouble. Since then it has been my turn."

"I wish happiness could have come to both of us," said Anne.

"Do you remember our talk together?" said Janet, spreading out a clean pocket-handkerchief on her knee and stirring her tea. "And how sentimental I was. I daresay you thought at the time how silly I was about George. I see now what a fool I was."

Anne did not answer. She was looking earnestly at Janet, and there was no need for her now to veil the still gladness in her eyes. They held only pained love and surprise.

"And do you remember how the clergyman preached about not laying up our treasure on earth?"

"I remember everything."

"I've often thought of that since," said Janet, with a quiver in her voice, which brought back once more to Anne the child-like innocent creature of a year ago, whom she now almost failed to recognize in her new, ill-fitting array of cheap cynicism.

"I did lay up my treasure upon earth," continued Janet, drawn momentarily back into her old simplicity by the presence of Anne. "I didn't seem able to help it. George was my treasure. I mustn't think of him any more because he's married. But I cared too much. That was where I was wrong."

"One cannot love too much," said Anne, her fingers closing over her wedding-ring.

"Perhaps not," said Janet; "but then, the other person must love, too. George did not love me enough to carry through. When the other person cares, but doesn't care strong enough, I think that's the worst. It's like what the Bible says: The moth and rust corrupting. George did care, but not enough. Men are like that."

"Some one else cares," said Anne diffidently. "Poor Mr. de Rivaz. He cares enough."

"Yes," said Janet apathetically. "I daresay he does. We've all got to fall in love some time or other. But I don't care for him. I told him so months ago. I don't mean to care for any one again. I've thought a great deal about things this winter, Anne. It's all very well for you to believe in love. I did once, but I don't now."

Janet got up, and, as she turned, her eyes fixed suddenly.

"Why, that's the cabinet," she said below

her breath. "Cuckoo's cabinet." Her face quivered. She saw again the scorched room, the pile of smoking papers on the hearth, the flame which had burned up her happiness with them.

Anne did not understand.

"Stephen gave me that cabinet a few days ago," she said.

"It was Cuckoo's. It used to stand—under her picture."

"Don't you think it may be a replica?"

"No, it is the same," said Janet, passing her hand over the mermaid and her whale. "There is the little chip out of the dolphin's tail."

Then she shrunk suddenly away from it, as if its touch scorched her.

"Where did you get the Italian cabinet?" said Anne to Stephen that evening, as he and De Rivaz joined her and Janet after dinner in her sitting-room.

"At Brand's sale. He sold some of his things when he gave up his flat in Lowndes Mansions. He has gone to South Africa for his boy's health."

Stephen opened it. Janet drew near.

"I had to have a new key made for it," he said, letting the front fall forward on his careful hand. "Look, Anne! how beautifully the drawers are inlaid."

He pulled out one or two of them.

Janet slowly put out her hand and pulled out the lowest drawer on the left-hand side. It stuck, and then came out. It was empty like all the rest.

Stephen closed it, and then drew it forward again.

"Why does it stick?" he said.

He got the drawer entirely out, and looked into the aperture. Then he put in his hand, and pulled out something wedged against the slip of wood which supported the upper drawer, without reaching quite to the back of the cabinet. It was a crumpled dirty sheet of paper. He tore it as he forced it out.

"It must have been in the lowest drawer but one," he said, "and have fallen between the drawer and its support."

Janet was the first to see her brother's signature, and she pointed to it with a cry. It was the missing I. O. U.

"I always said it would turn up," said Stephen gently.

"But it's too late," said Janet hoarsely. "too late, too late. Oh! why didn't George believe in me!"

"He will believe now."

"It doesn't matter what he believes now. Why didn't he know I had not burned it?"

"I believed in you," said De Rivaz, his voice shaking. "I knew you had not burned it, though I saw you burning papers. Though I saw you with my own eyes, I did not believe."

There was a moment's pause. Her three faithful friends looked at Janet.

"I burned nothing," she said.

THE END

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HATS FOR AUTUMN WEAR : : BY MARIE GRÉGOIRE

A WAVE of gay color has swept through the world of fashion this autumn. The pastel shades, after several seasons of triumph, have given way to frank blues and reds and greens that, to the unaccustomed eye, seem a trifle barbaric, and the change opens up frightful possibilities of mistake in color combination.

French milliners understand the art of mingling these self-assertive colors, yet even many of the imported hats are startling to a conservative taste; and, when less adroit milliners take liberties with the primal colors, the results are fearful and wonderful.

Fortunately, if in doubt one can always take refuge in the white and black or all black hats. A large majority of the most attractive street hats are of rough white felt trimmed in black, with perhaps a touch of color; and the most successful dress hats shown, thus far, are certainly the all black, or all white hats. All of the shades of mode and brown are very much to the fore, and the blues and greens run riot; but here one must begin to discriminate carefully. Blue and green have been much abused this summer, and the same will doubtless be true of the winter season; yet, cleverly handled, blue and green, even in the peacock and parrot shades, may be delightfully harmonious, as well as *chic*.

With the blue gown, which is to be pre-eminently the thing for street wear, a blue and green hat is attractive; but the wise woman, who cannot afford to put herself into the hands of an artist, will have her hat in solid blue or green and trust the color mixing to the birds or wings which serve as trimming. The shops are full of such blue and green plumage, and nature understands color combining even better than the Parisian milliner.

Blue, green, red and white are united upon many of the street hats, and harmonize with the bright red and green and white embroideries that appear upon so many of the dark-blue gowns. Orange, too, is introduced with green and blue, or with the blue alone. In fact, orange, in judicious quantity, is mixed with any and all colors, with results sometimes ravishing, sometimes lamentable. With the white and black hats, the mode hats, the dark-blue or dark-green hats, a dash of luscious orange velvet is usually successful, and, wherever used, it is as a rule more effective if toned down with black and white.

The new hat materials are almost invariably soft and shaggy. Smooth felt is practically unknown. Many of the felts are so loosely woven and soft that they may be used just as one would use piece cloth and draped in any fashion desired to form turbans, plateaux, etc. The shaggy white Angora used in this way is particularly good and the stiffer shapes in long-haired white felt are also charming. Felt braided with chenille, plain felt and

Angora braided, black and white Angora interwoven—all these materials are in vogue. Plushes, too, are having a renaissance, and velvet will be used for hats, as for everything else, this season.

Malines and chiffon will have unseasonable popularity for evening hats, and side by side with these filmy creations are shown fur and feather hats galore. There are whole hats made of overlapping coque feathers, often in two contrasting colors; hats entirely of peacock breasts that cater to the mania for blue and green; hats of seal and other soft, supple furs trimmed in velvet or in bird-breasts or in curling plumes. Squirrel-skins are also being greatly used by Parisian milliners, and one of the swellest pattern hats imported by a well-known Fifth Avenue milliner is a modified Continental shape in squirrel-skin, trimmed simply with choux of black, white and orange velvet with pearl bosses in their centres.

On the whole, the low-crown flat shapes of the summer are

holding over, and the hats are larger than they were last winter. In fact, it is hard to find a satisfactory small hat, and when one does find it, it is likely to suggest the *tricorne*, which has grown rather wearisome through much repetition.

The capeline is still liked, but there is undoubtedly a tendency to lift the hat from the face slightly, and while the *cache-peigne*, in its exaggerated forms, has lost caste, almost all of the hats have little or no brim in the back and turn down closely over the hair. Wings that turn down sharply at their tips are often put on the sides of hats and accentuate the downward curve at the back, and the drooping plumes falling low on the hair, and sometimes reaching to the shoulders, are fashion's *dernier cri*.

Plumes are, for that matter, omnipresent. They are used on everything, from the stiff outing hat to the most extravagant of picture-hats, and, though not serviceable, are undeniably effective and becoming.

Coque feathers, silk and velvet and chenille pompons, marabou feathers, wings in most fantastic shapes and most beautiful colorings, birds, exquisite flowers in velvet or silk, are all popular trimmings, but the ostrich is monarch in the millinery world.

The new picture-hat is the shovel-brim. It is a Spanish friar form, and over the straight brim, which is perfectly square in front, is draped a Spanish scarf which trails over the shoulder artistically and beautifully. Its contrast in the same mode is the hat of shirred satin, with its long ostrich plume tending directly forward and its double strand of cut beads pendent from the back.

It is always necessary to borrow from what has gone before in order to create something that may be called new. It is the adaptation of new materials, new forms and new modifications out of which are brought the beauties of the past. The fur capote is a shape that had its origin in the early fifteenth century, but attached to it are clusters of white and purple grapes and green and white foliage. This is the characteristic point of French taste. Mere accidents suggest to them the many necessary combinations of artistic forms in the production of beautiful attire. Here is a hat of foliage and fur, yet who with good taste could possibly find fault with it—a contradiction, and yet a very attractive one.

There are so many forms of wear necessary in our modern existence, so many different occasions to be provided for, so many different classes of business, sport, travel, visiting, driving, afternoon, evening, and a world of other things which we do not recall, that a new hat is almost necessary for each particular kind of wear.

THE RETURN OF THE SUMMER GIRL

By FELIX CARMEN

The Summer Girl is home again, a bronzed and freckled maid, Straight as a lance, and with a glance as keen as any blade.

Across her shoulder hangs a bag of golfsticks just to show The little minx upon the Links has laid the Bogie low.

A tennis racquet in her hand hints of the love-games won From youths who met her at the net and quoted Tennyson.

Her skirt swings free above her shoes, and her capacious hat Would nicely do to shelter two beneath it—think of that!

A dryad of the modern day, how fair she is, how trim! A mermaid she when in the sea, and always in the swim.

She went away as wan and pale as is the moon above, A slender figure only big enough to see and love.

But now behold her! One would say her muscles all were steel: The way she walks, the way she talks, it makes one fairly reel.

Brown as an Indian she comes to wage the winter war; A tiger-lily, if you will excuse the metaphor.

Woe to the hearts and hopes of men who come beneath her spell! Within her eyes what magic lies! What magic truths as well!

How she will dance! How she will dine! How she will dream by day! Till Lent shall bring around the Spring, and she can pause to pray.

A tiger-lily now, perhaps; but wait awhile, and when Comes Easter bright she'll be a white, pale Easter-lily then.

Dear Summer Girl, it matters not, a lily white or brown, There's lots of room for you to bloom. So, welcome back to Town!

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on my lamp-
chimneys. I'm
not ashamed of
them.

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THE ALLIGATOR PEAR

THE LATEST TABLE DAINTY

AN AGREEABLE novelty in the markets
is the alligator pear, which, until last
season, was a fruit quite unknown to
the Northern table. In tropical countries,
East and West, wherever it is native, it is
extravagantly esteemed, and it was to satisfy
the demands of New York's large Cuban
population that our fruiterers began to im-
port it.

The alligator pear, which is not a pear at
all except in shape, is the fruit of the avo-
codo tree (*persea gratissima*), allied to the
laurel. It has a tough outer skin, of a
lustrous green color. Cut in half, there is
revealed a rather large core, which must be
removed.

Avocados are eaten in various ways. A
few slices put into soup with other vege-
tables vastly improves the flavor and gives
a new quality to prosaic vegetable soup.

Most often—in the West Indies, at least—
it is served as a melon, cut in half, chilled,
and eaten with pepper and salt. Nothing
could be better as a first course at a
luncheon. A few like it with lemon-juice
and sugar, and even with sherry wine. One
half is a portion. More is cloying, and some-
times difficult of digestion. It is delicious
made into sandwiches; either sliced or
scraped, sprinkled with salt and pepper, and
laid between thin slices of bread and butter.

Although its flavor is distinct, the avocado
blends well with other materials in a salad.
With lettuce it is well liked, and a few slices
in almost any salad are an improvement. It
is a good salad in itself, with either plain
French dressing or mayonnaise.

The nutritive value of the avocado is very
high, as the fruit is rich in oil. On this
account it is recommended as a desirable
addition to our tables. The market price, at
present, puts it among the luxuries. The
smallest ones sell for ten cents, and fine,
large ones for thirty and thirty-five cents.

Then, it must be confessed that most peo-
ple will have to cultivate a taste for it. The
nearest approach to its flavor is the musk-
melon, and that is not the least little bit like
it! Persons who have acquired a genuine
liking for avocados declare that they would
rather give up tea, butter, ice-cream soda,
even tobacco. So perhaps it is worth while
to try to get the habit.

In buying be sure that you get dead-ripe
fruit. The outer skin should have begun to
wrinkle a little. Try it first mixed in a salad,
preferably lettuce and tomatoes. Slice rather
thin, with a silver knife, paring first, of course.

While we import quantities of avocados from
the West Indies and South America, the very
finest, according to a Broadway dealer, come
from Florida, where they are beginning to grow
them extensively.

THE OLD WAY

Of Treating Stomach Trouble and Indiges-
tion, a Barbarous and Useless One.

We say the old way, but really it is the
common and usual one at the present time,
and many dyspeptics, and physicians as well,
consider the first step in attempting to cure in-
digestion is to diet, either by selecting certain
food and rejecting others, or to greatly diminish
the quantity of food usually taken.

In other words, the starvation plan is by
many supposed to be the first essential in the
cure of weak digestion.

The almost certain failure of the starvation
cure for stomach trouble has been proven time
and again, but still the usual advice, when
dyspepsia makes its appearance, is a course
of dieting.

All this is radically wrong. It is foolish
and unscientific to recommend dieting or star-
vation to a person suffering from dyspepsia,
because indigestion itself starves every organ
and every nerve and fibre in the body.

What is needed is abundant nutrition, not
less, and this means plenty of good, whole-
some, well-cooked food and some natural dig-
estive to assist the weak stomach to digest it.

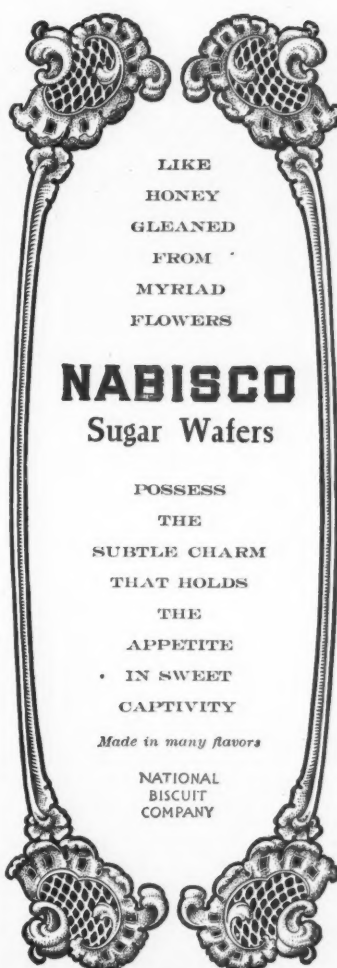
This is exactly the purpose for which Stu-
art's Dyspepsia Tablets are adapted and this is
the way they cure the worst cases of stomach
trouble.

The patient eats plenty of wholesome food,
and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets digest it for
him.

And this is in accordance with nature and
common sense, because in this way the whole
system is nourished and the overworked stom-
ach rested, because the tablets will digest the
food, whether the stomach works or not. One
of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 1,800
grains of meat, eggs and similar food.

Any druggist will tell you that Stuart's Dys-
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value and probably is the purest and safest
remedy for stomach troubles.

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it a practice to take one or two of Stuart's
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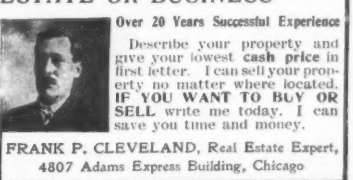
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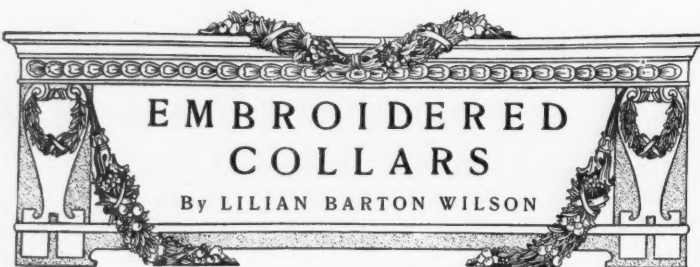
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By LILIAN BARTON WILSON

THE Dainty turnover collarettes offer a good opportunity for needlework. Hand embroidery on costume is, because of changing fashion as well as intrinsic worth, an extravagance which few can afford. Detachable cuffs and collars, however, solve the problem and make it possible to wear a little fine needlework with small expenditure, especially if the wearer is clever with her needle.

Embroidery on heavy linen collars was one of the prettiest sorts of fancy-work which "came out" last winter, and this has suggested finer work on lighter ties and collars.

The vogue of the high collar is threatened. It looks as though it might be replaced by the simple low-neck, pointed or square, trimmed with lace. While this would be a sensible innovation for home wear, it is a trifle too unconventional for the street. A better plan, and one very popular just now, is the lawn collar-tie with its turned-over embroidered points or collarette.

These ties are very inexpensive to make, but quite the opposite to buy hand-embroidered. They should be made of well-dressed lawn, and if cut lengthwise the one yard and a half of material, one yard wide, will cut seven. This allows for the hems. With the following suggestions and illustrations it will be easy to make them.

The tucks may be run in by machine very rapidly, and the hemstitching of the ends and sides is the prettiest possible leisure work—or the tucks, too, may be hemstitched by hand if one has the time. This tucked collar and its ends should be completely finished first. It will be indeed pretty in itself without the embroidery, and one cannot do better than to have a number for morning wear. Provided with a tiny iron and a little spirit lamp and a small box of elastic starch, it is a simple matter to launder one's own ties while on the summer vacation. An hour a week will do this, and the economy as compared to wearing ribbons is considerable.

The collarette designs can be stamped on linen, a firm round weave or linen lawn. If one can draw, it will be possible to reproduce the designs of our illustrations; if not, it is a simple matter to have designs stamped at the art needlework stores. The scalloped design

may be copied by any one, or similar designs made by using a large round button or small glass top around which to trace the scallops. Complete the little scrolls and indicate the dots in pencil.

Fine twisted embroidery silk should be used to work on the linen and filo floss on the lawn. Buttonhole the scallops with close stitches placed at right angles to the direction of the scallops. It is careful work to follow the outlines nicely in buttonhole-stitch, but a little practice makes one very expert. No knots should be used, but the threads should be run along between the top and bottom out-

lines instead, and fastened off in the same way. It is necessary to buttonhole very close on such an edge as the pointed collar, so that when it is cut out it will still have body enough to hold well. The embroidery should be completely finished before the edges are cut out.

The scrolls and dots are worked in satin stitch, which is simple over-and-over stitch covering the form at a pretty or convenient angle or from side to side—the former in the little leaf sprays in the illustration, the latter in the scrolls of the collar finished with sharp points. The design of the open flowers is very artistically embroidered. The flowers are bordered with satin stitch in such a way as to be most suggestive instead of being filled in. Amateurs are likely to work too elaborately; simple work which suggests is always preferable.

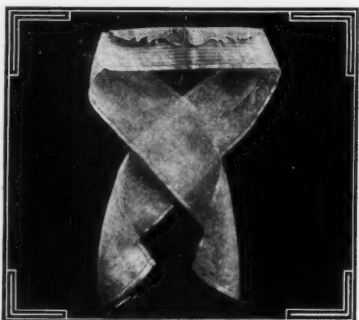
When the collarette is finished a strip of lawn about two inches wide should be folded lengthwise through the middle, its edges turned in and the edge of the collarette inserted into this and all stitched together. This forms the band which should be laid on the edge of the stock and stitched. The collarette should then be turned over on to the right side of the stock.

These collars can be worn without any stiff under-frame. The ends should be crossed in the back, brought to the front and tied in a four-in-hand or bow. It is well to tie them four-in-hand in the first wearing, then if a little wrinkled they can be bow-knotted the next time.

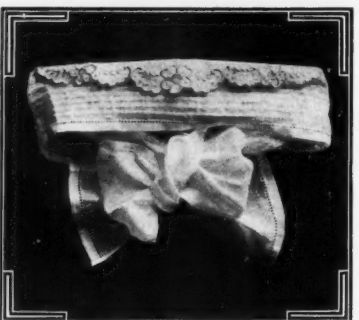
A pattern for cuffs may be made from these designs which will be a pretty finish to the sleeves. These bits of embroidery will add a touch of elegance to any toilette.



Collar and Tie Ends; Buttonhole Scallop



Over-collar embroidered in blue Buttonhole



Collarette embroidered in Satin Stitch

MAKING THE BEST AND THE MOST OF MEATS

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

A FAMOUS CHEF once described tersely the slow, simmering process required by a stew or soup. He said: "Never allow the water to laugh, let it smile—smile slightly." If every cook could be made to understand what "smiling" means, we would have cheap, tough meat appearing before us made so tender that it would scarcely require a sharpened knife. Instead of this we have expensive cuts which carve with the consistency of shoe leather simply because they have boiled at a broad grin.

If meats which have been boiled be left with the lid off, to cool in their own stock,

they will be much more tender and juicy than if lifted straight from the boiling pot liquor to the platter.

Corned beef is much improved by being cooked the day before it is to be used. Let it cool off in its liquor, then cover, and when needed reheat slowly. Do not allow the liquor to boil, simply allow it to continue at the simmering point until the meat is heated through.

Do not pour the corned beef liquor away. Save it to keep the meat in until the last morsel has been used for hash. Corned beef cold which is kept in the liquor does not seem

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like a piece of the same creature as when it is left to become dry and hard on an uncovered platter.

A leg of mutton, when boiled, ought to cook rather quickly for ten or fifteen minutes, then set it where the liquor will scarcely bubble, until it is tender. An ordinary leg of mutton, about eight or ten pounds in weight, requires about two hours to simmer.

A piece of corned beef, even when rolled, frequently presents a ragged, unsightly appearance. Take a pair of sharp, clean scissors, such as ought to hang in every pantry, and trim the meat into presentable shape. Set the trimmings away to be used as hash.

When a smoked ham is about half used up, steam what is left on the smaller end. Wash, and soak it in cold water for an hour, then steam for five or six hours, setting the meat cut side down on a plate in the steamer. If it is to be served hot, the ham will be improved by browning it in the oven after steaming.

If there is a scant amount of meat for a braise or stew, add a few cupfuls of tiny potato balls about half an hour before taking from the oven. They improve the appearance of a dish and taste delicious. The shells of potato left over when the balls are cut may be put in cold water until required, then boiled and mashed.

A brown gravy adds much to the appetizing flavor of pork chops sautéed. Pour off the greater portion of the pork fat in the spider and put in two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir till quite brown, then add very slowly a cupful and a half of boiling water. Season with salt and paprika and beat till creamy with a wire whisk. If not brown enough add a

tablespoonful of kitchen bouquet and strain over the chops.

A steak which from its looks raises disturbing thoughts of toughness may, in the course of twenty-four hours, be changed to something of the texture of tenderloin. Mix four tablespoonfuls of oil with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and pour over the steak, laid on a platter. See that the mixture wets every portion of the meat, then allow it to marinate in a very cold place. In the cold-storage room of great hotels one might find steaks which would be scarcely fit to chew, marinating for days before they are required. They appear under all sorts of steak appellations and pass very easily with the uninitiated as tenderloin.

When there are children in a household who care more for gravy than meat, as most children do, a few pounds of tough, juicy meat carefully cooked till tender will yield plenty of excellent gravy. With the gravy, baking-powder biscuit may frequently be served. It goes especially well with veal stew or a cream gravy, which may be had in abundance when stewing a somewhat tough old fowl. I always prefer biscuit to dumplings. It takes a very careful cook to make light dumplings; almost before a second helping they will grow cool and heavy. Besides, for cold dumplings one can find no possible use, while baking-powder biscuit is as good cold as hot.

Never broil the flank end of a sirloin steak; it is impossible to eat it as steak. Cut it off before the steak is cooked. It may be slowly simmered and make a nice little stew; it can be boiled and used as hash or chopped raw for a breakfast Hamburger steak.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions on any subject may be sent to this department, and the answers will be published at the earliest possible date after receipt. All communications should be addressed: "Questions and Answers" Department, Collier's Weekly, New York City.

F. L. T.—Some people always freckle in spite of every precaution, but, although in many cases it is impossible to cure them, there are several remedies which will make them less conspicuous. If those you have are of long standing, try the following lotion:

White precipitate, . . . 1 drachm
Subnitrate of bismuth, . . . 1 drachm
Glycerine ointment, . . . 1 ounce
Mix and apply a thin layer every other night for from four to six weeks. It will eventually make the skin peel off, and when this occurs leave off the lotion, and lightly dust with a little powder.

NEPTUNE.—Bad results from sea bathing are nearly always caused by not taking proper precautions, but in some cases it is always harmful. People who find sea bathing followed by a feeling of chilliness or headache should certainly not go on with it. Never bathe after a full meal, and be careful not to enter the water either when very hot or feeling cold. A numbed feeling after bathing is a bad sign; a healthy glow all over the body should follow a brisk swim, and if this is also followed by a comfortable sleep, sensation, you may be sure it not only agrees with you, but is doing a great deal of good. It is much wiser to wear flannel bathing dresses. They can be made quite as becoming and graceful and are safer in many ways.

What is Mountmellick embroidery?—H. L.

People who give styles of embroidery new names may be considered rather presuming. It is true of embroidery that there is nothing new under the sun, but every season new adaptations come out as "new work." Mountmellick embroidery is named for the town of this name in Ireland. In the convents of this place quantities of heavy work are done on a kind of jean. It has been largely imported, as has been the Russian and Hungarian work, and is sufficiently characteristic to be considered a style in itself. The filling stitches are the ones used. The conventional flower and leaf designs are edged with chain, knot, buttonhole or satin stitch, and the spaces are filled in with braid, herringbone, honeycomb stitches and the like. The silks or wools are heavy, in keeping with the grounds, and the embroideries are very durable. The stamped jean and threads can be purchased ready for work.

Will you give me some suggestions as to making little frocks for a boy of eighteen months? He has only worn baby ones as yet.—**IGNORANT.**

For ordinary wear the frocks should be made with a long body and short skirt effect. The body part may be plain, tucked, with insertion let in, or laid on, or be box-plaited, according to the texture. For everyday wear brown holland, trimmed with stitched bands of white linen or insertion of cambric, is nice. Pongee silk of the firm make is an ideal material for small boys' frocks, and may be trimmed with scarlet, or blue or white. The short skirt, either first tucked and hemmed, or to match the bodice, should be joined on with a cording, then a belt may be worn or not equally well. For outdoor wear the little Russian blouse is nicer than anything and looks well in almost every kind of material used for a child. Be sure and let him wear short socks; they are so much more stylish than stockings.

I am going camping in the wildest part of the Maine woods and haven't an idea as to the clothes I shall need. What ought I to take?—**M. E. M.**

Two stout suits of serviceable, waterproof material made with loose comfortable coats and skirts really short, not reaching lower than boot tops. Flannel and dark silk shirt-waists. Waistbands are impracticable; so is wash neckwear, save such as can be washed out readily and needs no starch. The same rule applies to underwear. Sacrifice your traditions and leave muslin and cambric behind, taking merely light-weight silk and wool or cotton and wool undersuits. One must be independent of a professional laundress in camp. Take several pairs of stout boots. Low shoes are useless; have a pair of canvas leggings for rough tramping and heavy stockings for ordinary wear. A sweater is a good thing. A soft cap is better than any hat. You may take a long skirt and evening waist if you choose, but the chances are you will never put them on. The woman used to woods life usually doffs her long skirt at the last stop before going into the woods and leaves it there until she comes out. Leave your vanity behind with the long skirt and be rational and comfortable, but don't forget to take witch-hazel and a good cold cream—not for vanity's sake but for comfort.

All the fashion articles talk about pongee shirt-waists and shirt-waist dresses, but no laundress in this little town can do them up decently. Couldn't you tell me how to wash them so that they will really be serviceable?—**PERPLEXITY.**

All silk needs careful washing, and a laundress must give time and patience to it, but pongee should wash perfectly, if correctly handled. Use strong suds of tepid water and some pure white soap. The suds should be made with hot water, but let it cool slightly before the silk is put into it. Put the garment through two such suds as quickly as possible, rubbing it gently. Rinse thoroughly in cold water and press out the water, but never wring silk. Lay the clean garment on a dry cloth and roll it up. Iron it as soon as possible. You must never sprinkle silk, so it must necessarily be ironed before drying. If, by chance, it should dry, dampen it again by rolling it in a wet cloth. A piece of cheesecloth must be laid between the silk and the iron, which should not be very hot, and the silk must be ironed until perfectly dry.

I want to make myself a piqué suit. I am very slight and want to broaden the effect across the shoulders. Will you advise me as to the best way of making and whether the piqué should be shrunk before using?—**ELSIE.**

By no means shrink the piqué, the beauty of the texture is much lessened after being put through water. If you want the skirt to wash well, cut it with a number of gores, flaring to the foot edge rather than on the circle, as with the latter it is so much at the mercy of the ironer. Allow about four and a half inches for hem at foot edge, which either run with a chain-stitch machine or secure with a slight hem, for the first wearing, then send it to the laundress with the hem out, and re-hem it to required length afterward. The smartest way of doing the seams is to turn one edge under and tack it flat over the other edge, then stitch at about one-eighth of an inch from the fold, which gives a cord finish. A blouse jacket would become you better than any other shape. It should have a broad sailor collar, flaring in point at the bust line, where it should tie with a nice ribbon bow. A fancy linen or black open-work collar might be tacked over the piqué one. The sleeves should fit over the top part of arm like a plain coat one, and from just above the elbow to the wrist the sleeve should gradually increase to make a nice drooping puff at the back over the wristband. Stitch the bodice seams first to the right side with a very small turning and then to the wrong; braid the armholes with a strip of binding.

What clothes should a girl take with her when she is going for a two months' summer trip in Europe?—**TRAVELLER.**

A great deal depends upon the nature of the trip. If one has friends abroad and will make visits, or if one carries letters that will mean social entrée, one must provide such a wardrobe as would be used for a round of summer visits in this country. If, however, you are planning the ordinary tourist's trip, you probably need to be warned not to carry too many clothes. Luggage is an expensive and bothersome item in Europe, and if one has exactly the right things one does not need many of them. The chief essential is a trim, stylish tailor suit, made of a material that will wear well, shed the dust and not show spots easily. It should be made with a coat and skirt, and it is an excellent plan to have two skirts made with the jacket, one long and one cut to walking length. Have also an old skirt and jacket suit for rough wear and stormy weather. Several extra waists are needed, one shirt-waist of flannel, one of dark silk that will be cool but will not need washing, and one light and dressy waist. Wash shirt-waists are attractive, but a nuisance because of the difficulty of having them well laundered at short notice. You should have one hotel or dinner gown, something serviceable, soft, non-crushable. A foulard daintily made is an excellent thing for this purpose. Three or four suits of underwear is enough. One can always get such washing done quickly if one is travelling in the beaten path. Take one suit of heavy underwear for weather emergencies. Wear a serviceable hat and carry a small one suitable for more elaborate occasions. A mackintosh, a golf or travelling cape and plenty of shoes complete the outfit. The shoes are a vital matter. Carry enough and have them larger than those you wear ordinarily. They cannot be satisfactorily replaced in Europe if your supply runs short.

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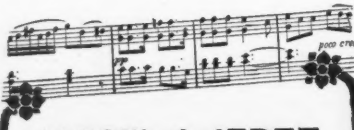
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MRS. CAMPBELL, ACTRESS AND MANAGER

THE RESULTS of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's expedition to the United States last year were so satisfactory—the receipts therefrom being largely in excess of those of any other English actress who has visited America for a long time past—that it is not surprising to find that she is launched on another season in New York. Her stay in America will extend over several months, during which period she will be seen in many of the best-known plays in her repertoire.

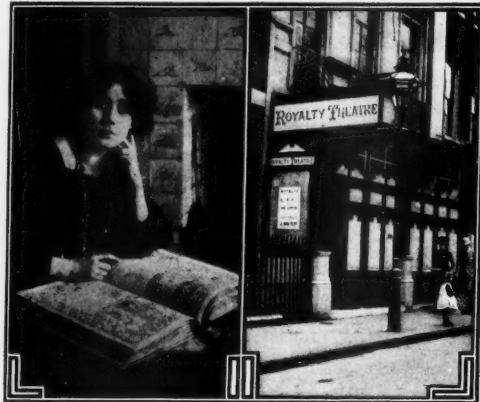
It is to the intuition of Mr. Pinero more than to anything else in the world that Mrs. Campbell owes her success. When Mr. Pinero's masterpiece—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—was ready for production, some one to play the title rôle was wanted, and wanted very badly. A number of actresses—several of whom had reputations of no mean order—had released the part, but none acquitted herself therein to the satisfaction of the author. Proceedings were almost at a deadlock, when the chance suggestion was made that the ideal Paula was to be found in a certain blood-and-thunder melodrama then being played at an adjacent theatre. Thither went the exigent dramatist, and saw, and was conquered. Before the curtain fell that night on the time-honored triumph of virtue over villainy, Paula had been found; the psychological moment in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's career had arrived. From that moment, all was plain sailing.

The success of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was instantaneous. Until the production was actually an accomplished fact, people asked themselves who Mr. Pinero's "discovery" might be and why he had so far departed from precedent as to single out an unknown actress to create a leading part in his play. After the initial performance, however, they wondered no longer. What they marvelled at, rather, was that it had taken the actress whose acquaintance they then made for the first time upward of five years to come before a West End audience.

Mrs. Campbell's portrayal of Paula Tanqueray was a triumph of temperament that has rarely been equalled, still more rarely eclipsed, in the annals of the English stage; scarcely less successful was her performance in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith," although the part gave less scope for her natural abilities. In "Magda," too, as also in "Pelléas and Mélisande"—that curious excursion into the wide-stretching realms of Drama—she gave convincing proof of her high art. The interpretation of Maeterlinck's study in neuroticism, at any rate, bids fair to go down as one of the most brilliant ever presented.

After her essay in management at the Lyceum, Mrs. Campbell installed herself at the Royalty, cheerfully undertaking the almost Herculean task of converting an unfashionable theatre into a fashionable one.

HORACE WYNNDHAM.



Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her London Theatre

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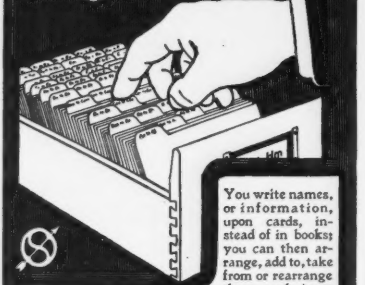
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CONAN DOYLE AND HIS WAR BOOK

IN A PLEASANT cottage in South Norwood, near London, is where the author of "Sherlock Holmes" makes his home. It is a modest red-brick house, with numerous gables and balconies, and surrounded by a typical English garden.

The publication of the famous pamphlet entitled "The War: Its Causes and Effects" came about in a singular way.

Sir Conan was riding into London one morning, and on the train he had occupied himself in reading some of the slanders against the British army which were being printed in the Continental press. He said that they made his blood fairly boil—they were so utterly without foundation. He thought to himself, "Why does not some fellow sit down and write something that a German editor could read in an hour and which would convince him that some of the British arguments are well founded?"

Sir Conan Doyle is a believer in fatalism, to a certain extent. On the evening of the day when he first thought of his plan he was dining out, and was seated next to a man whom he had never seen before. In the course of

conversation he mentioned that he thought a pamphlet giving the British side of the question would be a good thing, and the gentleman was immediately interested in the plan. He said that Sir Conan should ask the public for the necessary funds and that he knew where he could obtain a thousand pounds to begin with.

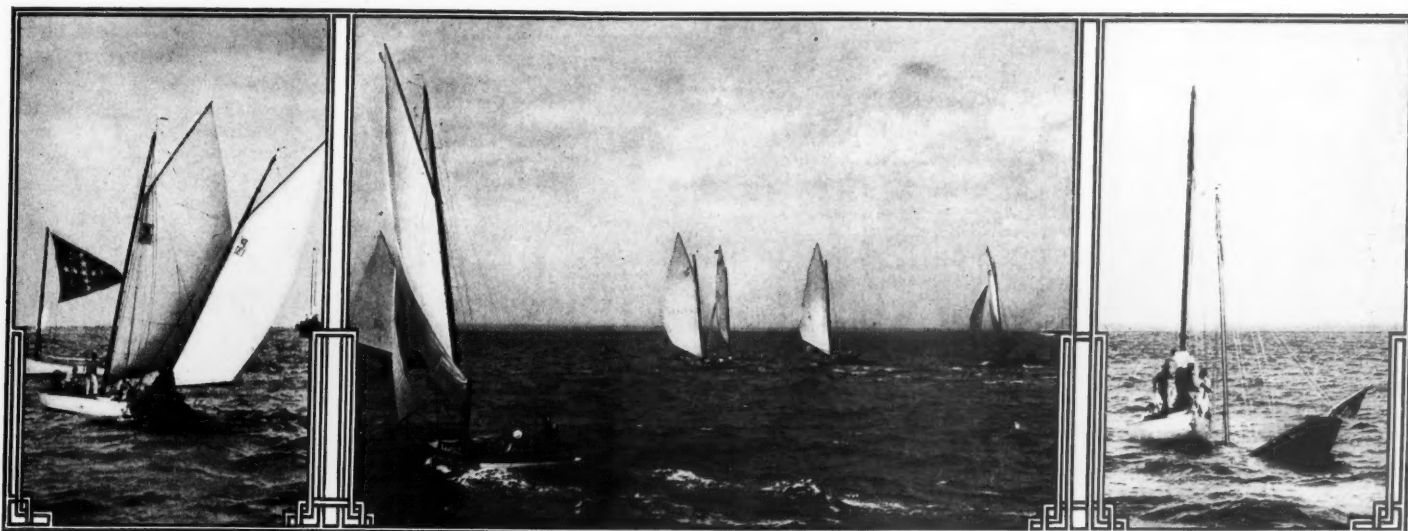
Once started, the pamphlet was soon completed, and in five months from the day the scheme first occurred to Sir Conan he had the book in twenty languages on his library table.

The money to pay the cost was given freely by rich and poor, in order that the truth might be told to Europe. Copies of the argument were sent to journalists, politicians and school-masters all over the Continent, and its reception was most gratifying to the promoters. In Hungary and in Portugal a second edition was required, and in Germany no less than twenty thousand copies were distributed. A special appeal was made to the public of each country.

In writing a book, Sir Conan Doyle invariably conceives the end of a story first, and writes up to it. He thinks of the climax, and his art lies in the dénouement.



Latest Portrait of Sir Conan Doyle



Collision between "Lucille" and "Heron"

Start of the Raceabout Class

"Heron" sinking after being cut down

SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB'S FALL REGATTA, OFF OYSTER BAY

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

SEAWANHAKA'S FALL REGATTA

THE Seawanhaka's Fall Regatta was sailed off Oyster Bay on Saturday, September 6. Thirty-nine yachts started in a fine breeze, consequently the race was sailed in good time. The race between *Rainbow* and *Yankee* was stopped by the Racing Committee at the turning mark and ordered to be started again, but the yachtsmen agreed to sail again on the following Friday. An accident marred the race in the Seawanhaka raceabout class. There were six entries, and while maneuvering for a start H. H. Landon's *Lucille* collided with F. R. Coudert, Jr.'s *Heron*. The latter sank, but, owing to the proximity of *Lucille*, all on board *Heron* were saved.

POINT JUDITH WINS WESTCHESTER CUPS

IN the semi-finals for the Westchester cups, at Newport September 4, the Westchester team, consisting of Reynal, the two Waterburys and Blair, had to give Point Judith, consisting of Brooks, La-Montagne, R. J. Collier and McFadden, too much by handicap for them to make themselves good, and the result was that Point Judith won by 10½ goals to 5½. The field, owing to the rain which fell during the game, was so heavy as to make it almost impossible to get speed either in pony or mallet, and toward the end there was some rather extraordinary polo forced by the conditions.

In the finals of the Newport Polo Tournament for the Westchester Cups on Saturday, September 6, Point Judith and Westchester 2d met, and Point Judith was obliged to allow 7 goals to Westchester 2d. This game furnished a needed climax to the tournament, which had opened with a most clever and interesting match between Myopia and Westchester 1st; for it must be confessed that the games in general were not all that could be desired in the way of interest, closeness or good polo playing. Perhaps it was the crowd, or the fact that the game was the final one, that brought out some excellent work, Point Judith playing well up to the best standard of the men as individuals. Cochrane of the Westchesters showed up well, as he has in other matches this season. Point Judith won 17 goals in actual play, while Westchester earned but 6.

DEAL GOLF TOURNAMENT

THE money and labor expended on the Deal links for the tournament, September 4-6, seem to have made a good return. Although the putting greens were heavy owing to the rain, the tournament was interesting and at times called forth some good golf. In the qualifying round for the Deal Cup, Travis did a 43 and a 40, giving him the prize for the low score with 83, while Archie Graham pressed him closely with 43 and 41.

In the first round, Allen, Reynolds, Travis, Nash, Ward, Brokaw, Kellogg and Graham came through. In the next round, Allen disposed of Reynolds, but in order to do it was forced to get an 82, a stroke better than Travis's qualifying round. In the next, Graham did an 83, Brokaw an 84 and Travis an 84. Allen, however, was by no means up to his mark when he met Travis, who played with him a very wretched game in going out, taking 46. Allen did still worse with a 49. Coming in, Travis got going with all his old accuracy, and finished up with a 36, beating his man 6 up and 4 to play.

Brokaw, who had disposed of Ward 3 up and 2 to play, met Graham, who had beaten Kellogg 3 up and 2 to play, and

after a very exciting match, in which at one time Brokaw was 3 down, he finally brought the match even on the 17th, and won at the 18th with a remarkable three, a stroke under par.

In the finals for the Deal Cup, Travis won by 4 up and 2 to play, although at the end of the morning round he had the Princeton captain 5 down. Brokaw did a 40 on his last nine holes. The second cup was won by P. A. Proal, who defeated Jackson 7 up and 6 to play, and the Consolation Cup was won by G. R. Tiffany, and the fourth cup by Dr. Carl Martin.

SWIMMING



FOR the third time, Montague Holbein essayed to swim the Channel from Cape Grisnez to Dover. Twice before has Holbein attempted this feat, which was achieved some years ago by Captain Webb, but in each instance he has failed. This time he was almost within reach of success when, within a half-mile of the shore of St. Margaret's Bay, a west tide struck him and swept him out again.

It seems to be the general impression that the swim is easier when undertaken from the English to the French

NIAGARA TENNIS

THE International Tennis Championship, played at Niagara-on-the-Lake, was won by Beals Wright of Boston, who defeated H. H. Hackett of New York in a five-set match, after losing the first and third sets. Wright's endurance was considerably greater than that of Hackett, and the final score was 3 sets to 2 in favor of the former, the latter winning the last two sets 6-1, 6-1. Little, the holder of the championship, defaulted. Beals Wright and Kreigh Collins won the doubles, defeating Fisher and Leroy three straight sets.



Fisher and Leroy three straight sets.

OPENING THE FOOTBALL SEASON

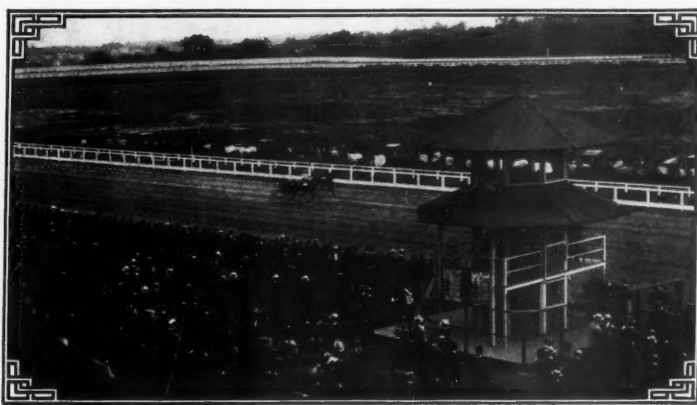


Soon after the middle of September most of the other large colleges, including Yale, had men back at the university in preliminary work, and almost all the colleges had games scheduled before the 1st of October. The general prospect for an interesting season is very promising. Pennsylvania, which was the weak member among the large teams last season, and was made to suffer accordingly, has gone in with an unusual determination to correct the faults of the past, particularly in the matter of the weight of material, and promises to present a heavier line. The coaching will be under Dr. Carl Williams, assisted by Hedges, Bull and others, and the well-known qualities of this former remarkable quarterback, together with his later work as preparatory school coach, have given Pennsylvania's sympathizers a great amount of confidence.

The next team to start in work, as already noted, has been Harvard's, and under Captain Kernan, and with considerable of the old material, it is looking forward to a prosperous season. Farley, who will be remembered as an excellent end, coaches the team, but will be assisted by several others. At Princeton there seems to be some indecision as yet regarding the leadership, and the defeats of the last two years have depressed the football element very materially. A number of new men from preparatory schools, however, are counted on to fill up the gaps, and there is some talk that Garry Cochran will come back to do the coaching. Cornell will probably continue with her system of graduate coaching, which was very successful last year and under which she was able to decisively defeat Pennsylvania and Columbia, as well as to play a game with Princeton which was only settled by the narrow margin of a safety. Columbia has given up Sanford, and will be coached by Morley, a man who will be remembered by all followers of Columbia football as one of the stiffest defensive-line half-backs ever played in the position, as well as a hard, plunging runner and a good punter. If he can instill into his men the same amount of determination and dash which he exhibited himself, there is little question as to Columbia holding its own. Columbia, it will be remembered, last year defeated Pennsylvania 11 to 0, beat the Navy 6 to 5, played a close game (5 to 10) with Yale, and, in spite of defeats at the hands of Syracuse and Cornell, wound up the season by defeating the Carlisle Indians 40 to 12.

Lafayette loses Dr. Newton to Lehigh, and his record at Lafayette has been such as to make Lehigh again hopeful that some of her old days of football prominence may come back to her again under his able tutelage.

The Indians will put a team in the field as usual, and if they succeed in getting a little more weight, they can develop such an attack as will make almost any of the teams trouble. The dashing runs of Johnson last year were spectacular, but they needed more support in better line work.



Going to the Line in the Fifth Race at Empire Track. The Race was won by Gracie Onward

shore rather than the reverse, as attempted by Holbein. Webb swam from the English side to the French.

McGREW HARVARD'S CAPTAIN



WHEN the Harvard crew elected a captain last summer for the succeeding year it was known by all that the choice lay between James and McGrew. James was elected, but he has now determined to go to Germany next winter to begin the study of medicine, and has, therefore, resigned. McGrew has been unanimously elected to succeed him. McGrew is the man who stroked the crew last year, who rowed No. 4 on his freshman crew, and who was taken from No. 2 in the 1901 varsity boat to stroke last season. He is of ideal physique and is a most versatile athlete.

TROTTING AT EMPIRE TRACK



A NUMBER of exciting finishes was the result of the seventh regular matinee of the New York Driving Club at Empire Track on September 6. The first event was won by L. H. Perlman's Maggie Alencon, with Ball Bearing second. The second event was pulled out by Malzour first, Axtelle second. Both these races were finished neck and neck. Mercury Wilkes took the third event, Indian Jim the fourth, Gracie Onward the fifth and Richard B. the sixth.

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The Wanderings of Aguinaldo and his Officers

(CONTINUED)

FROM PAGE 9)



overtook us and slept in a patch of tall grass. Next day we started to ascend the mountain ridge. There was no road, so we had to open one. It was very steep. On all fours we crawled upward without stopping. Just as we reached the summit rain began to fall in torrents. We started down the other side. The path was very slippery. Many of us, on taking a step, slipped and slid fifty or a hundred metres.

On May 20 we stopped at Asibanban, a settlement on a mountain ridge, and immediately, without resting, the Honorable President set out to reconnoitre our position. While he was away the outposts sent word that the Americans were moving on our camp, only 200 metres away. Villa immediately ordered everybody to march. All rushed to the top of the mountain, where they found the President. Scarcely ten minutes passed before the enemy opened on us with volleys. Our rear guard returned the fire to hinder them from advancing rapidly. The soldiers prevented the advance of the enemy until the Honorable President got away. Lieutenant Morales was killed, some soldiers were wounded, and Lieutenant Valentin and some soldiers were missing. The enemy pursued and fired at us. Our horses could go no further, so we abandoned them all. We followed the road toward the next settlement. It was dark, and we saw many lights coming from the settlement to which we were going and we supposed it was another column of Americans coming to shut us in. So we made a turn to the left and went into a thick woods. In the darkness our soldiers had scattered in groups of four or five, so that there remained with the Honorable President only Barcelona, Villa, Jeciel and three other officers and nineteen soldiers.

From the woods we observed the lights and saw that they were following our footsteps and drawing nearer every moment. So we left the woods and climbed to the top of a mountain. From the peak we saw that the lights were still following us. We entered another woods, and as soon as we were hidden we rested a little. It was eleven o'clock. At midnight we started on, keeping silent to prevent discovery by the enemy. At daylight we came to a deserted village and cooked a little, each one eating half a mouthful.

DEATH RATHER THAN SURRENDER!

The Honorable President vacillated as to what route to take, and as he hesitated we were joined by Captain Villareal and nine soldiers. We pushed on toward the east, crossing high mountain ridges. We found a settlement, but in our desire to get far away from the enemy we marched on. About noon we reached another settlement and stopped to cook some dinner. Just as it was ready a sentinel reported that the Americans were only a hundred metres away, coming in line of skirmishers. So, without having been able to eat, we hurriedly left the settlement. We ran up into a mountain ridge. Barcelona was overcome and fainting. Owing to the lamentable condition of that patriot, the Honorable President ordered a rest on top of the ridge. After an hour and a half Barcelona recovered consciousness and we again set out. We had gone hardly a quarter of a mile, descending into a deep gulch, when we heard the volley firing of the enemy. It came from three points, from three large columns that were on the ridges surrounding the gulch where we were. We did not answer it, as we were so few—scarcely thirty guns. Desperation overcame us. As we saw no way of getting out and had no hope of our salvation, there remained to us only the tenacious idea of defending ourselves unto death rather than surrender alive.

Divine Providence conducted us to a stream at the bottom of the gulch. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The converging fire of the enemy drew nearer. They were saying among themselves that their victory was assured, that the capture or death of Aguinaldo was evident. We were ignorant of the direction of the stream, but the Honorable President

deemed it well for us to follow it, and we did so rapidly. At the end of half an hour we found that it emptied into a river called the Banya. The mountains in which the enemy had corralled us now lay to our rear. We forded the river and, without halting, followed its course. At five o'clock a heavy rain began to fall and the cold caused us great suffering, but we cared nothing for this so long as we did not fall into the hands of the enemy. At seven o'clock, saturated with mud and water, we threw ourselves down to sleep.

At midnight, the Honorable President ordered the continuation of the march. We ascended a high ridge, and followed it toward the east. The hours passed by, but we kept on without a halt, all of us barefooted, including the Honorable President; for nobody had a shoe. Daylight found us far away from the Americans and headed again toward the Cagayan Valley. Now we travelled without vacillation. During two entire days we had eaten nothing and were exhausted. But we were twelve hours from a settlement where we could get food. The Honorable President could walk no further, for he was sick and faint and his strength had given out. We all sought herbs and roots, which we ate. When we had filled ourselves with these we resumed the march, proceeding more rapidly because we had entered a level plain. This afternoon we were joined by more of our soldiers, from whom we had been separated.

HEMMED IN BY THE ENEMY.

In the evening we reached the settlement at Magapasi, and what was our surprise at finding in the next settlement, scarce two miles distant, 300 Americans waiting for us. Without having eaten anything, we left the settlement and went back the way we had come, for there was no other road. The military condition of the enemy was well extended, and once more we were in its centre. The Honorable President did not know what to do, because in front of us were 300 Americans, on our left were 300 more Americans, and to our right and rear were the 400 who were pursuing us and who had corralled us in the mountains. How were we to save ourselves? Finally the Honorable President said it would be best for us to hide in the thick woods, and from then on we would travel no more by day, but only by night. About five o'clock, having marched all night,

FOOD

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

Medicine Not Needed in This Case.

It is hard to convince some people that coffee does them an injury! They lay their bad feelings to almost every cause but the true and unsuspected one.

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Ask the doctor if coffee is the cause of constipation, stomach and nervous troubles.

"I have been a coffee drinker all my life. I am now 42 years old and when taken sick two years ago with nervous prostration, my doctor said that my nervous system was broken down and that I would have to give up coffee. I got so weak and shaky I could not work, and reading your advertisement of Postum Food Coffee, I asked my grocer if he had any of it. He said, 'Yes,' and that he used it in his family and it was all it claimed to be.

So I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum steadily and found in about two weeks' time I could sleep soundly at night and get up in the morning feeling fresh and well. In about two months, I began to gain flesh. I only weighed 146 pounds when I commenced on Postum and now I weigh 167 and feel better than I did at 20 years of age.

I am working every day and sleep well at night. My two children were great coffee drinkers, but they have not drunk any since Postum came into the house, and are far more healthy than they were before."

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we concealed ourselves in thick woods and went to sleep. This was the fourth day we had eaten nothing but herbs, nor had we slept or rested. We were completely exhausted. We slept all day, and at night marched again to another woods more suitable as a place of concealment. Still we had nothing to eat. In these woods we found some Igorrotes and begged them to bring us some rice. In about two hours they came bringing cooked rice in little packages, each containing about a fourth of a pint. They exacted fifty cents a package, and for the two or three small jars of rice they brought they got more than \$200.

We spent the day in these woods, and when it was quite dark resumed the journey. We forded three rivers of terrible velocity, each time being all lashed together to save ourselves. We only lost—thanks to God—the Honorable President's rifle.

We entered the Magaogao settlement, where there were thirty Americans. It was three o'clock in the morning. We passed through in absolute silence, so as not to be seen by the enemy. We went up into the mountains and continued the march all day, halting, completely exhausted, at nine o'clock at night. Next morning we crossed another ridge and descended into the great Cagayan plains. Here we found a herd of cows, two of which we killed for food. But our hunger was not satisfied, owing to the lack of rice and salt. Next day we rested, but marched all night, and at nine o'clock on the morning of May 28 reached the foot of Madulison mountain.

BRASS BANDS AND THE LADIES

Señor Villa went into the town of Enrile, just across the river from Tuguegarao, and assembled all the patriots to prepare for a celebration which the Honorable President wished to have that afternoon because of our having escaped the enemy. Two brass bands and an orchestra came, and all the people in the town. Soon after noon the Honorable President and his escort entered the town, being received by a great crowd during the playing of our national march. In the house where the reception was held there were more than sixty young ladies who compose the aristocracy of Tuguegarao and Enrile. Dancing commenced at two in the afternoon and lasted until three in the morning. At 3.30 the Honorable President and all his escort left the town and resumed the march.

We continued marching a little by night and hiding in the woods by day until the 8th of June. On that day, as we were marching to a woods more dense than that in which we had stopped, we perceived a multitude of women running after us. The Honorable President ordered us to halt and wait for them. In two hours they arrived. Each woman brought shirts, all kinds of clothing, and tobacco for our soldiers. After expressing his gratitude to these women patriots, the Honorable President recommended that they advise their daughters to accept no man as a fiancé who did not know how to defend his country. We continued hiding in the woods for the rest of the month of June, on the last day of which the Honorable President's aid, Captain Tomas Magariño, arrived from Manila, bringing many family letters and a package of foreign mail.

The 1st of July found the Honorable President suffering from a bad case of malarial fever. On the 6th there came up the case of Major Gatmaitan, who had accompanied us up to the time we were corralled in the mountains, when he had deserted with some of his soldiers. Having been recaptured, he was now tried by a council of all the officers in the camp and condemned to death. At two o'clock in the afternoon he was shot.

On July 29 we received papers from Manila as late as the 4th of July, and the Honorable President learned, to the great grief of his soul, that Señor Pedro Paterno, usurping the authority of the Chief of the Revolution, was publishing and pretending that he had full authority from said chief and was actually forming an autonomist party in Manila. On August 1 we had important mail from Manila and Hong Kong.

On August 11 Lieutenant Vitallano left for Manila, carrying the Honorable President's official correspondence for the generals and for foreign countries. He also carried an

official document in the Honorable President's own handwriting for Señor Apolinario Mabini, granting him full powers to arrange for peace on the basis of the independence of the Philippine Islands.

On August 20, owing to the reports that the enemy were coming to attack us here, the Honorable President decided to abandon this camp and go to Palanan, carrying only sixteen guns. The other soldiers are to stay behind under Captains Villareal and Pilar, to engage in guerilla warfare. Seven days later we left the camp where we had lived for two months and twenty-one days, and started for Palanan. We reached Palanan on September 6, after being on several occasions very close to the Americans, who once had us nearly surrounded. In Palanan Barcelona was introduced as Captain Batasar and the Honorable President as Lieutenant Esteban. Villa posed as Sergeant Alvaro, the hospital steward of the column.

This practically ended the wanderings of Aguinaldo and his companions. For it was in this town that they were captured. They lived here, more or less quietly, nearly seven months, in varying conditions of excitement according as the Americans were reported near or far. They built the usual trenches for the defence they never made, and devised a great scheme for fooling any Americans who might come along by unroofing all the houses before they fled. They had dances and races and banquets, and Aguinaldo soon threw off the thin disguise he assumed on entering the place. Mail service with Manila and Hong Kong seemed to be pretty regular. Their one real excitement was when a small party of Americans got near enough for them to do some shooting. They record this as a great victory, though all of them ran away and hid until the Americans left. It must have been a relief to these much-chased patriots to be captured so suddenly and unceremoniously after all, and have an end put to the everlasting worry and running and hardship and suffering. The tale shows the vividness of their imagination as to numbers whenever the Americans came near them, and it exhibits in luminous light the real character of the government they would have set up. Also it shows how wellnigh impossible it was to keep from them information as to the movements of the Americans. It is a striking commentary by the Filipinos themselves on themselves.

FOOD

A GIRL'S PROBLEM.

How to Feed Herself When Running Down.

"I am a stenographer!" That statement brings up a picture of long hours of tiresome indoor confinement, close mental concentration and subsequent exhaustion and brain fag. Then comes up the food question.

A young lady in Dayton, Ohio, writes, "Some time ago I was a stenographer in a large city retail store and having the responsibility of the office work resting largely upon me my health began gradually to decline, and I stood facing the difficult problem of finding relief of some kind or leaving my situation. Worry added to my trouble; I became dyspeptic and nervous and suffered with insomnia and restlessness at night."

I was speaking of my illness one day to a trained nurse, who recommended that I begin a systematic diet of Grape-Nuts at once as she had seen its beneficial effect upon several of her patients who had suffered as I did.

So I began to use the food conscientiously. It formed my entire breakfast with perhaps Postum Coffee or some other nourishing drink and a second dish was taken at the evening meal. In about two weeks' time I began to feel stronger and more hopeful; my digestion and appetite were better; I was less nervous and could sleep. I continued the diet steadily and soon courage and vitality began to revive and once more I began to think success lay somewhere in this big world for me.

My work grew smoother and easier and after seven months of this diet I could do almost twice the amount of work in a day and do it easily and without feeling exhausted.

To-day I am filling a much more responsible position and do the work easily and satisfactorily. I attribute it all to Grape-Nuts which I still continue to use. For a palatable and healthful diet, there is nothing on the market to equal it, and the fact should become of common knowledge." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Sold by leading druggists.

FREE to any one sending me 10c. to cover actual postage, will send a bottle containing sufficient to prove to your entire satisfaction the claims here made. Pamphlet sent free. Address

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MOUNTAIN or invest in Thunder Mountain stock until you know all about it. I will send you full reliable information that will cost you nothing and may be worth a fortune to you. Address ADRIAN G. HANAUER, Spokane, Wash.

THE ALTA



ALTA MILL SHOWING AERIAL TRAM.

IT'S A MINE in the San Juan Region, Colorado, owned by THE ALTA MINES COMPANY. January 1st its \$100,000 mill will be treating One Hundred Tons of Ore a Day. Shipments now being made to smelters. Nearly a Mile of developmental tunnels completed. Indebtedness of \$514,000 has been reduced to \$125,000. To pay a portion of this, the Company offers full-paid stock at a low figure. No promoter stock. Booklet Free. Write to us.

References: Dun's, Bradstreet's or any Milwaukee Bank. WIN. J. MORGAN & FINCK 412 Fabst Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

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22 GOLD MEDALS
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The Only Genuine

Unrivalled appetizing tonic and stomach corrective. Lends an exquisite flavor to pure liquor, sherry or champagne. Distilled from the aromatic and strengthening herbs of the tropics. Refuse cheap domestic substitutes and imitations. The genuine is made only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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Cleanse and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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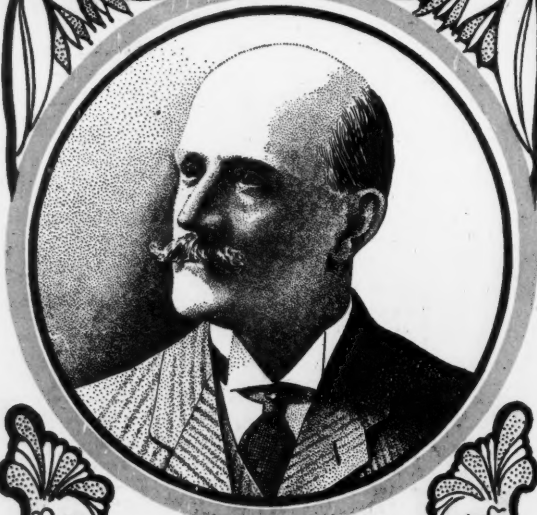


YOU SEND NO MONEY. YOU SELL NOTHING. All we want for the Fountain Pen is your good will, and if you will give us that we will send you the Fountain Pen free as a present. This is our new offer, the most liberal ever made and means exactly what it says. Pen in exact size of picture, strictly first-class, made with handsome figured composition barrel and turned cap, complete with fine 14K. heavy gold-plated pen and patent ink filler to fill barrel without soiling fingers. Guaranteed to write as easy and perfect as any Fountain Pen at any price. Write to-day, mentioning name of this paper, and we will send you full particulars how to get the pen free. Don't over-look this wonderful chance to get a fine Fountain Pen absolutely free.

JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY 130 to 166 and 285 to 289 WEST MADISON STREET CHICAGO, ILL.

New York Central's Grand Central Station, CENTER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

The Stone Method



FREDERICK W. STONE

Athletic Instructor of The Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture

Was formerly athletic instructor of Columbia College and the Knickerbocker Athletic Ass'n, New York. At present he is the athletic instructor of the Chicago Athletic Ass'n, where he has classes daily from 12 to 1, and from 4 to 6. He established the world's record for 100 yards sprint (9.45 seconds) and held it unbeaten until 1902. As Mr. Stone has been an athlete and an instructor in physical culture for 32 years, and is himself a physically perfect man at 52 years of age, it will readily be admitted that he is thoroughly capable of teaching others the science of self-development.



The Stone Method

Is a system of exertion by which more exercise is obtained in 10 minutes than by the use of apparatus two hours. The exercises are rational, moderate, and are taught by an instructor thoroughly versed in physiology. **Does not overtax the heart.** The circulation is stimulated, thus relieving that organ instead of giving it more work to do. Our pupils are of both sexes and range in age from 5 to 85 years. **The Stone Method** embraces a thorough course in deep breathing **without extra expense.**

There is no guesswork about it, for individual instruction is given in every case. We take into consideration your present condition, occupation, habits, mode of living and object which you wish to attain, and give you instructions accordingly. You will follow the instructions one week and then report, stating what the effect has been and what results you have accomplished, when instructions for another week will be sent you, and so on until the course is completed. We thus keep in touch with your progress and are enabled to advise you intelligently. You will be given the same careful consideration as though you were the only pupil.

Every woman has had her expensive experience with drugs for the correction of ills to which the peculiar and delicate female organism is heir. Had she known it, she might have obtained **permanent relief** by devoting only 10 minutes a day to pleasant, healthful exercise, which would have imparted natural strength to every organ, thus enabling them to perform their functions unaided. This is Nature's way and the only means by which **lasting** benefit may be expected.

Children

Proper exercise early in life will prevent and correct stooped shoulders and develop children into strong, healthy, robust men and women. Our breathing exercises will overcome mouth breathing, the cause of chronic Catarrh. Proper exercise will also correct many deformities in children.

MEN

In **EVERY** walk of life should have a keen interest in their physical welfare. Particularly should **Lawyers, Doctors, Bankers, Clergymen, Educators, Merchants** and others of sedentary occupations, look after their physical being. Ten minutes each day devoted to intelligent, systematic, persistent exercise will actually add years to one's life—a benefit which can hardly be measured in dollars and cents. We are successfully teaching **The Stone Method** of Scientific Physical Culture to men and women in every part of the world. It requires only 10 minutes each day, in your own room, just before retiring, or upon arising. **No apparatus whatever is required,** and you will be put to no expense aside from our modest fee.

Conscientiously and systematically follow our instructions and we can promise you a fine, strong, well-developed physique, which bears every evidence of perfect manhood; a clear brain; a light step; a splendid circulation that will make itself known in a ruddy complexion; bright eyes; sound, easy-working lungs, with plenty of room in which to expand; an increased appetite; good digestion; an active liver; sound, restful sleep; a cheerful disposition; an erect carriage. If you are too fat we can reduce your weight to normal, and if you are too thin we can increase your weight to what it should be. In a word, we give you **greater strength, better health, LONGER LIFE.**

WOMEN

Receive quite as much benefit from **The Stone Method** of Physical Culture as men, but no woman desires the same muscular development which she admires in men. This proves again the desirability of our individual instruction. In every case we take into consideration the occupation, habits, mode of living, and the object which the pupil desires to attain and give instructions accordingly. We can insure perfect health, a good complexion, and when desired, an increased chest (or bust) development; we can increase the weight or reduce it; we can fill out those hollow places and give the form that beautiful contour so much desired; we can also reduce the abdomen as surely as day follows night.

We should like to hear from every woman who has enough interest in her health and in her perfect development to read this advertisement. We have some literature and testimonials which we will send **FREE** for the asking, and we are confident they will prove interesting, and convincing proof of the superiority of **The Stone Method.**

Mr. Stone is the only physical instructor paying special attention to women and children. He is ably assisted in this department by Mrs. Ellen Walker, who has had a very extensive experience, and who alone opens and answers letters of a private nature. Confidential letters may be addressed **"Mrs. Ellen Walker, care The Stone School."**

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS, TESTIMONIALS AND CONDITION BLANKS FREE BY MAIL

It is impossible, in this limited space, to convey an adequate idea of the importance of **The Stone Method** of Physical Culture in attaining and maintaining perfect development and good health. We have prepared a booklet for men and one for women which explain the system in detail, our plan of mail instruction, etc. These booklets contain many photos from life, showing what others have accomplished by **The Stone Method.** **SENT FREE BY MAIL,** together with fac-simile testimonials, measurement blanks, etc. Write today.

The Stone School of Physical Culture

1657 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO, ILL.

LONDON: 4 Bloomsbury Street, New Oxford Street, W. C.